# IMPARTIAL

# REFLECTIONS

## UPON

## Dr. *Burnet's* Posthumous

# HISTORY.

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By PHILALETHES.

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——— *at tamen alter*
*Si fecisset idem, caderet sub judice morsus.*
Juven.

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# THE PREFACE.

*AUTHORS, when they have subsisted for some time upon their own bottoms with reputation and figure, are like trading Men in a Common-wealth; if they once fail in their Credit, neither the present age, nor posterity will believe them more.*

*Our Doctor traded very long with a crasy Credit, no Man question'd his Opulency, yet several suspected his fidelity: He made several trips, when alive, as particularly, in his History of the Reformation, and his Travels, &c.*

*But since his Death, his Effects have Imbow'd only his Bookseller and Executors; the Learned World have large Demands, and in vain do they expect a just Satisfaction from him.*

*He has, indeed, introduc'd a new Method of Swearing to the truth of what he writes.*

writes. No Author ever before, hit upon this way: And he Dedicates his Book to that eternal Being, who at one view, can see all that Tortures us Mortals with Pain and Labour to find out: He can best tell, whether Charles the 2d. was a Papist, or the Doctor a profound Hypocrite, for the Secrets of Hearts are not the Subject of History, otherwise than as they appear by Actions to the World.

How well the Doctor rests with the Dead, whom he has thus vilely disturb'd, I will not venture to say, but the Living have an equal Quarrel in this Case, for no Man likes that History, so closely pressing upon the Present Age, should be all Masquerade, that none can know, with all their illustrious Blood, their Fathers or nearest Relations.

I have been as Concise, in doing him and them Justice as I cou'd, and leave the Determination to the Candid Reader's Judgment, and bid him,

Heartily Farewell.

[redacted]

# REFLECTIONS

UPON

# Dr. BURNET's

# Poſthumous HISTORY.

[redacted] R. Reverend and Learned [redacted] Divine, with whom I am [redacted] more treating, ſends out his [redacted] Poſthumous Writings, like [redacted] *Martin Luther's* Relicts too [redacted] late, for a juſt and honeſt [redacted] Wedlock, alſo too ſoon for * *Katy Boran's*, [redacted] and his own Judgment: [redacted] tho' 'tis true his Hiſtory is furniſh'd [redacted] great many Materials to make an Atheiſt, a [redacted] Rebel, and Hypocrite, or whatever you pleaſe [redacted] elſe to call it. You may ſee all the Infirmities of [redacted] an ambitious and proud Nature in himſelf;

* *His Wife taken from a Nunnery, and brought to-bed two Months after he married her.*

and all the Turns of Fortune that depress the Mighty from their Seats, in the Family of the *Stuarts*; and the Insolence of Beggars in the Advancement of others in their Places.

Our Doctor, tho' by his own Confession caress'd by the *Stuarts*; falls out with them at last for hanging some Rogues of his own Kindred; and to enter deep into the Quarrel, he dates his Malice from the Grandfather, and in him he fixes his Spear of Defiance.

He blames that Monarch for his undutiful Behaviour, in adhering to his Mother's Memory, and Tenderness for her Sufferings; he supposes all Atheists in her Interest, and that the Son was an Hypocrite and a Papist in his Heart, tho' he fed the Episcopal Clergy in *Scotland*, by his own Confession, with a more bountiful Hand than any have done since; and to this very Day they'd live with more Ease and Plenty than half our Curates in *England* can pretend to, if they were restor'd to what he gave them.*

But Episcopacy in *Scotland* was a great Eye-sore to the Doctor, who lov'd it in *England* much better; he therefore represents their Bishops in his own Colours, just as he was at *Salisbury*. *They were haughty*. His posthumous Works declare his own Vanity; he would not wait, as he says himself, upon the King of *France*, because the *English* Am-

* *See* p. 6, 7, 8, 9.

bassador

baſſador was aſham'd to introduce him. *They follow'd the Court.* Yet the Doctor, by his own Confeſſion, was continually at King *Charles's* and King *James's* Sleeve; he convers'd with all manner of Stateſmen, and was a moſt forward and active Counſellor to the Prince of *Orange*.

But what Loſs had we of Prince *Henry*? he was a zealous Proteſtant, and King *James* I. was ſo frightned with the Gun-powder Plot, that he durſt not deny the Jeſuits the poiſoning an eldeſt Son. I think if their Power was ſo great, they were very modeſt to ask but for one of the Family. There is an unaccountable Magick in Gun-powder, that can work in ſuch a manner even before it is ſet fire to. Strong were thy Fears, O Monarch! The only way to prevent Danger was never to lodge over a Cellar.*

But ſtill, afraid as he was of the Papiſts, he made a running Fight; he iſſu'd out his Proclamations againſt 'em immediately after the Plot with all imaginable Spite, and as ſuddenly let all drop, when Sir *Dudley Carlton* told him it was dangerous hunting in the Woods; for the Prieſts were like wild Boars, and would turn upon him with their Tuſks if he did not leave off the Chaſe. Ever after

* See p. 11.

he continued writing and talking against Popery, and acting for it.*

By this time he has dreſs'd up this Monarch according to his own Fancy, and made the poorest Creature of him that ever was.

But to let the Reader into the Secret. King *James* I. is made a Papiſt to make it probable the Son was ſo too, and conſequently the Civil War was a religious one againſt Popery; if the People could once be perſuaded into this, *Charles* I. would have fell as unpitied by Bigots as his Enemies could wiſh.

But that King *James*, bred under *Buchanan*, and a Man of Learning, who ſo laboriouſly proved the Pope Antichriſt, and married his Daughter to a Calviniſt for want of better Choice; one who, by the Doctor's own Confeſſion, imprecates the Judgments of God upon any of his Poſterity who ſhould turn Papiſts; that he ſhould be one himſelf, is to me as ridiculous, as that Pope *Odeſchalchi* was a Proteſtant. It is very much he ſhould breed none of his Children that way except King *Charles* I. and that he ſhould be ſo ſly a Papiſt, that no one could get a Confeſſion thereof ever from his own Mouth, even at the Block; ſuch a Set of occult Papiſts as theſe are difficult to find, and are equally unprofitable when they are found to that *Religion*;

* *See* p. 12.

for

for they write against it with all their Fury; they act against it with all their Power; and yet are damnable Papists in their Hearts.

But alas! this Fetch to make a Popish Quarrel of an enthusiastick and rebellious Rage against the politest Race of Princes that ever fill'd a Throne since *David* and *Solomon*; is now grown stale and contemptible.

The Doctor says it was an inglorious Reign, because we had not learn'd the politick way of fighting foreign Quarrels for Glory; tho' in my Opinion, if a Prince can say with *Augustus*, *Lateritiam invenî, marmoream reliqui*, it is far more glorious than to waste and break a Nation with unprofitable Wars. For the peaceful Part of his Reign, when the Muses rejoiced in his Palaces, was to be celebrated more than the rough Transactions of *Julius Cæsar* in the Bowels of his own Country.

But the Doctor's Notion of Glory appears in one remarkable Instance. It was inglorious he says (*a*) in King *James* to restore the cautionary Towns back to the *Dutch*; yet he scruples not to acquaint the World with a very formal Circumstance, that these Towns were delivered as cautionary ones for Money lent; that the Money was faithfully paid; and therefore, in all Justice the Pledge surely ought to be as faithfully restor'd.

(*a*) P. 15.

If

If King *James* had kept those Towns, our Doctor would have play'd upon him with all the invidious Terms he gives the *French* King; how perfidious it would have been to detain the Pledge from the Fatherless and the Widow, and much more from a disconsolate State just erecting her Head from Ruin and Slavery.

One Slip I can never forgive the Doctor, For as Poison with him always makes the way for Popery, and Prince *Henry* was dispatch'd to make way for King *Charles*, and King *James* I. was certainly poison'd to make the way more open (*b*) still: I say it is to me very suspicious, that as King *James* was such a secret Papist in his Heart, he poisoned himself to make way for the Popish Religion. Here would have been a glorious Field for the Dr. to range in, to expatiate upon the obstinate Humour of that Family, to sacrifice Children, their own Lives, Crowns, and every thing dear, to promote the Popish Religion.

Thus the Doctor leaves King *James*, and brings the Reader to his own Family; and acquaints us his Grandmother was a zealous *Puritan*, and his Father marrying the eldest Grand-child saw into all the Methods of the *Puritans*; by this the Doctor has let us into the Secret, that our Grandfathers being for

(*b*) p. 19.

the

the most part *Olivarian* Rebels, the present Age hates Rebellion, because Grand-Children have a very good Opportunity to see into the Practices of their Grandfathers; I hope our Grand-Children will so well know the present Age, as not to want the Doctor's History to instruct 'em.

But however well vers'd the Doctor is in the Genealogy of his own Family, a great many of whom, by his own Confession, came to the Halter, or to the Merit thereof; he stumbles upon the *Stuarts* Family at the Threshold. He says Earl *Gowry* was next to King *James* in his Claim to the Crown, and therefore had an Interest in getting him dispatch'd; his Claim was from the last Venter of *Margaret*, Daughter to King *Henry* VIIth of *England*; yet the Doctor has forgot that there was a numerous second Venter then increasing in *Margaret Douglas* and her Issue, who had eight Children; and the Lady *Arabella Stuart*, her Daughter, liv'd even to the Year 1616. I mark this as a great Falshood of the Doctor's in History. (*a*)

But to give a further Specimen of this Doctor's Honour and Integrity: The Earl of *Gowry*'s Claim, as descended from *Margaret*, was fictitious; and this appears from a *Scottish* Peer of undoubted Honour and Re-

(*a*) See p. 18.

putation,

putation, the Earl of *Cromarty*, who expreſly denies the third Venter, and ſays, Queen *Margaret* had no Children by the third Husband. That it was a Lie from top to bottom, and piouſly propagated ſince the Revolution.

Yet the Doctor carries on this imaginary Poſterity to Sir *Anthony Vandike*, the famous *Dutch* Painter, whoſe Colours were finer laid on than our Hiſtorian's; he never painted ſo groſly as the Dr. lyes. Concerning this, ſee the Earl of *Cromarty*'s Hiſtory of the *Gowry*'s Conſpiracy, *p.* 10, 11, 12. Neither is it true that the Queen married one *Francis Steward*, whoſe Son was Lord *Methven*, when ſhe married *Henry* Lord *Methven*; and it is equally falſe, that in a Patent of King *James* V. the pretended Brother was called *Frater noſter uterinus*: for there was no ſuch Perſon in the World.

Let us come next to the Reign of King *Charles* I. He began with Puritaniſm, and carried Dr. *Preſton* in the Coach with him from *Theobalds* to *London*: from thence we may hope the *Spaniſh* Journey left no Tincture of Popery in that Prince. Yet how often has it been inſinuated that he came from *Spain* a Papiſt, and that King *James* ſent him thither with a Deſign to make him one? It is indeed very ſurpriſing to me, and beyond the Power of my Imagination to account for, that King *James* with all his ſecret Zeal for Popery ſhould breed his Children in the oppoſite Way.

It

It is more ſurpriſing to me, that any Man of Senſe and Learning, without the Prejudices of Education, or the Motives of Intereſt, can be a Papiſt; and that King *Charles* in his mature Years, ripe in Judgment, could turn from a Puritan to a Papiſt, is to me a Chimera.

Doctor *Preſton*'s riding in his Coach is to me no Proof of Puritaniſm, but of good Manners and Reſpect to Clergymen; the Spirit of Puritaniſm then was only beginning to ferment; the Poiſon, the Gall of Bitterneſs, and the Bond of Iniquity, were not diſcover'd; however, I ſhould make a wrong Concluſion to call the King of *France* a Puritan, when he ſent his own Coach to wait upon Dr. *Burnet* at *Paris*, as in his Hiſtory he informs us.

To return. He proceeds in this Account of King *Charles* to ſnatch at every little Opportunity to ſlur his Memory: I know this is done with a political Intent, to make Peoples Minds more eaſy with the harſh Uſage which fell to that Monarch's Share, that they might hereafter not enquire into his Blood, nor look upon the paſt Rebellion. In this Conduct we may ſee the difference between the Wounds of a Friend, and the ſpiteful Blows of an Enemy; the firſt opens 'em and pours in Balm, and the latter ſlaſhes without Mercy.

For Instance: King *Charles* went to *Scotland* to be crown'd; with what Intention could that be, but to see again his native Country, to comfort the Subjects thereof, that they might not look upon *Scotland* as a Province to *England*? Yet the Doctor tells us the Magnificence of the Show was a Grievance to the Country. I must beg his Pardon if I assert that the *Scots* suffered nothing by the Magnificence of that Coronation, for Magnificence and Pomp can never hurt a Kingdom, unless it is carried from the Spot to shine abroad; this is therefore only a spiteful, an unnatural and a peevish Flourish of the Doctor's to amuse the World, and prepare his Reader for a new Charge, as improbable as it is malicious.

For upon a Question being put to the Vote in the Parliament, the King was so exact as with his own Pen to mark every Man's Vote. The Question was carried, the Doctor says, by almost all the Body of Commons against the King; yet the Clerk of the Register affirmed one way, and the Lord *Rothes* another, and this began a Dispute. The King puts the Lord *Rothes* upon going to the Bar, to accuse the Clerk of falsifying the Record, and the Lord *Rothes* declines, because the Repulse would have been capital. This Story is very artfully made: Of what could the Lord *Rothes* be afraid? the

Court

Court ſo unanimous on his ſide of the Queſtion, would have been equally unanimous in clearing his Lordſhip in a Point ſo notorious; they could not in a quarter of an Hour forget their own Votes, neither would they ſuffer the Clerk to reckon ten for a fat Man, as was afterwards done, to the great Sorrow and Shame of the poor Doctor. The Clerk, I take for granted, muſt have ſtood by to ſee fair Play when himſelf was the Delinquent. This Story limps in the telling, and loudly calls for Grains of Allowance. (*e*)

I need not ſay how barbarous it is to ſacrifice the Memory of the Dead upon any Account to Prejudice and Spleen. The Dead are ſilenc'd till the laſt Day, and it is as cowardly to wound them, as to ſtab a Man when another holds his Arms. But the Doctor indiſcriminately lays about him, and too often his Party Zeal carries him to a Contradiction; he ſays Biſhop *Forbes* was a learned and a pious Man, yet he liv'd and died with the Suſpicion of being a Papiſt in his Heart. If he was a profound Hypocrite, he took Prayers and Sacraments for Convenience in one Church, and kept his Affections for another; and yet the worſt that can

(*e*) *Vide* p. 22.

really be ſaid of him was, his Moderation to Papiſts and his extenſive Charity were his ſhining Virtues; for Moderation only to one is Partiality. But the Doctor would have the *Puritans* run away with all, and leave the Papiſts none. (*b*)

He proceeds to charge poor King *Charles* with thirſting after the Blood of the Lord *Balmerinock*; tho' it does not appear that he endeavour'd more than to get him into his Power, and make him humble. If the Laws of *Scotland* are ſevere againſt Liars, a Prince is not to blame to ſtop a little Defamation; but however our prudent Doctor took care to travel out of the Reach of thoſe Laws. (*c*)

I obſerve the Doctor has a peculiar Spleen towards the *Scottiſh* Biſhops; of *Spotſwood* he obliquely ſpeaks, as a prudent and a mild Man, of no great Decency in his Courſe of Life. How conſiſtent it is for a Man to be openly vicious, and at the ſame time prudent in his Life, I need not ſay; but however he leaves the Reader to gueſs every thing that is bad; a very conciſe way of doing more in three Words than others do in ſo many Pages; this is deſtroying a Character in Short-hand. (*d*)

But the Doctor is very clever at cutting with two Edges.

(*b*) *Vide* p. 21. (*c*) p. 23. (*d*) p. 26.

He blames King *Charles* for not doing what in other Places would have been a total Subverſion, a juſt Plea for Rebellion, and tyrannical in all Reſpects. He ſays the King ought to have reinforc'd his Schemes with a ſtanding Army: This may indeed be a ſly Reflection, as tho' his Proceedings only cou'd be juſtified that way; he was going, ſays he, to recover to Biſhops what was before torn away by Sacrilege: This was an inexpiable Crime; he was going to alter the whole Conſtitution of that Church and Kingdom. This is a heavy Charge, but not ſo true as it is heavy, for then Epiſcopacy muſt have fell, and his moſt virulent Enemies will not lay that to his Charge. (*a*)

Well, I find we are all Devils on our ſide of the Queſtion, from our Kings to our Biſhops, and from thence to the inferior Clergy. But let us attend to his Saints.

*Argyle*, a Rebel firſt to his Father, and afterwards to his King, was a ſolemn ſort of a Man, grave and ſober, free from all ſcandalous Vices, of an invincible Calmneſs of Temper.

How ſolemn he might be in ſhedding innocent Blood, and how calm and undiſturb'd at the Execution of *Montroſe*, I need not ſay; but he forgot his Solemnity always when

(*a*) *Vide* p. 28.

*Montroſe*

*Montroſe* was near his Quarters with a Sword in his Hand; he could skip over Hedge and Ditch then, even faſter than the reſt of his ſober Fraternity. (*a*)

But when we come to *Montroſe*'s Character, whoſe very Shadow would make ten thouſand *Presbyterians* tremble, *he took upon him the Part of a Hero too much, yet indeed could do nothing.* I refer the Doctor, or his Ghoſt, to *Wiſhart*'s Life of *Montroſe*. *Cæſar* heap'd not more Victories in the time, nor ſo great as he did; *Cæſar* ſhew'd not more Clemency to the Conquer'd than he; and *Cæſar* fell not half ſo pitied to the Ground. (*b*).

After theſe a poor Lady comes in for a Share; his relentleſs Pen ſpares neither the Good, the Pious, nor the Fair. King *Charles*'s Queen is brought in as ſacrificing the Lord *Strafford*, to cover her own Plots; and the Court Party ſtrike in even againſt a Reprieve for that unfortunate Earl, tho' deſir'd by the King; this was told the Doctor by the Lord *Hollis*, if we may believe him.

Here not only the Queen but the Lord *Strafford* are blaſted at once, as Confederates in ſome deep and wicked Deſigns; and the Queen proves ſo wicked as to hurry him out of the World, and the Courtiers

(*a*) *Vide* p. 28. (*b*) p. 30.

ſuch

ſuch Tools as to vote on her ſide, and the King ſuch a Fool as not to find out that his Friend and himſelf were betray'd.

The Lye, like a Soap Bubble, hovers in the Air with its own Levity, and the Probability is ſtill to ſeek; for what Deſigns could that Lord have of a diſhonourable nature, that he was not prompted by too many Motives to diſcover on the Scaffold, where he had time to ſpeak, and no reaſon to ſpare? (*a*)

How cruel is the Doctor to the Memory of his Enemies, yet how Dove-like, how tender to his Friends? He laments the ſad Defection of Piety in even the Saints by the Civil Wars; at length their Graces before Meat loſt three Parts of an Hour in four; and I fear when they had an innocent Man to deſtroy, they ſaid no Grace at all.

Indeed the Doctor worthily laſhes *Montroſe*; that when *Hamilton* had formed an Army of Saints to march into *England*, to fight the Lord's Battles firſt, as they were called, and the King's afterwards; *Montroſe* with his unſanctified Highlanders was conquering from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and afflicting the pious Heritage with his carnal and ungodly Force. This put a Neceſſity upon the Saints to ſell their King for Money; for if they could not keep him their own, the moſt frugal Bargain was the beſt. (*b*)

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(*a*) *Vide* p. 32. (*b*) p. 36.

Well,

Well, King *Charles* was a Man of Blood, only he could never come at any, till my Lord *Strafford*'s was tapp'd by a pious Act of Attainder. The Lord *Balmerinock* in *Scotland* was ſav'd thro' Fear of the Mob, and the two *Hamiltons* were deſign'd for Execution, but one taking to his Heels, the other was ſpar'd, becauſe the Execution could not be decent. But if the Lord *Abercorn* watch'd, as the Doctor ſays, for the Dukedom, and for their Eſtates, he was diſappointed, for I believe then the youngeſt might carry the latter very well upon his Back. (*a*)

I ſhall now turn to be a little ſerious upon one Animadverſion of the Doctor; he had it from the Earl of *Lauderdale*, that *Montroſe*'s Succeſs ruined the King's Affairs, and prevented a Treaty and a Presbyterian Reſtoration.

What an happy thing a Presbyterian Reſtoration would have been, is a ſerious Enquiry. The King was to diſarm in the firſt place, and give his Sword to the conquering Foe.

2*dly*, He was to violate his Conſcience, in deſtroying a Government he look'd upon to be of divine Right, a Worſhip in which only he hop'd to be ſav'd. He was not to ſee

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(*a*) *Vide* p. 37.

one

one ancient Friend more, but to take up with the new fanatical Cut, their fancy Prayers, ſcurrilous Cant, and every thing his Soul hated.

This Eſtabliſhment was to be for three Years, but if the People lik'd it the Continuance was to be perpetual; yet the Sword was to be in the Hands of thoſe who were Friends to this Worſhip, and the Sword would have been conſequently the Umpire of the Peoples Inclinations and Pleaſure.

All this done by the Authority of the King, would have been an irretrievable Change of our Conſtitution; he fell therefore with Glory to himſelf, and Shame to his Enemies, a King before he was made a Slave.

But I find his Death not diſpleaſing to the Doctor, for tho' he confeſſes *Ireton* was the chief Promoter of his Death, he was another *Caſſius*. This is an odd Turn of Thought, for then, to keep the Parallel up, King *Charles* muſt be a *Julius Cæſar*, an Uſurper upon his Country. *Horreſco referens*. Poor dear King, I will embalm thy Memory with as many Tears as my Eyes can ſhed.

Yet how does the Doctor uſe him when he is carrying the Reader to the laſt Moments of his Life? He grants he died with Calmneſs and Compoſedneſs, but it was not natural to him; yet did ever any Man ſee him tremble in a Battle, or withdraw from

Action before a juſt and honourable Occaſion? Did ever any ſee his Tranſports of Paſſion under all the Miſeries of a Priſon, and the Contempt of vile Men? Where then was this Ruffle in his Mind? this Diſcompoſedneſs? that ſhould make Biſhop *Burnet* ſuſpect a calm and decent Exit? O Monſter! tear not away his Virtues if you tear away his Life, and caſt his Crown to the Ground. (*a*).

But to return to our Secret-finder. He makes the Queen of *France* an Whore to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and that Duke an Enemy to *France*, becauſe he was not ſuffered to continue his Plantation upon the King of *France*'s Head any longer. Here was the Riſe to the Attack upon the Iſle of *Rhee*, and the Proteſtant Cauſe was brought in to ſupport a Cuckold-making Duke in his brutal Paſſion of Revenge. If King *Charles* withdrew from ſuch a dirty Quarrel, he was in the right. (*b*)

The next who falls a Sacrifice is a Prelate, *viz.* Archbiſhop *Laud*, of whoſe Memory all good Men will ſpeak well, a Happineſs the Doctor does not ſeem to aim at.

If in the greateſt Men we find the Infirmities of human Nature, we ought at the ſame time to find their ſuperior Virtues, and do 'em Juſtice to the World.

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(*a*) *See* p. 47. (*b*) p. 48.

If

If he was paſſionate and fiery, and ever ſevere to the Nonconformiſts, the Doctor has no more Rope to run than I give him now. Yet

The great Man was ſhew'd in an uniform and ſteady Purſuit from the beginning of his Life in one End and Scope: he did not fly backwards and forwards between Epiſcopacy and Presbytery; he did not Court an Epiſcopal Miniſter of State one Day, a Presbyterian a ſecond, the King a third, and an Aſſaſſinator to murder that King the fourth.

His Piety ſhined in his extenſive Generoſity to the Poor; the Magnificence of Temples and Colleges, and the beautiful Scheme for Uniformity in the Houſe of God.

His Learning and Reaſon in his Book againſt *Fiſher* are diſplay'd in ſo ſtrong a manner, that he needs neither *Heylin* or *Wharton* to perpetuate his Memory; his Works ſpeak him, and will while the poor Remains of Senſe keep a Station in this Kingdom. But if you would ſpeak well of him after the *Burnettian* Way; tell what King he has betray'd; what Patron he has ingratefully us'd; but even Malice can't heap Crimes of ſo black a Nature upon him. (a)

(a) *See* p. 50.

The Doctor has another Attack to leſſen the Memory of King *Charles*. The Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, as it contains the Breathings of his Soul, and the inward Teſtimony of his Conſcience, covers him ſo cloſe from Malice, the Doctor if he can't take it away, he will at leaſt ſhake it.

He owns that *Gauden*'s other Works, in their Stile, and every Reſpect, are far inferior to this Performance; and yet we may form a Judgment by a Stile as well as by an Hand-writing.

The reſt of King *Charles*'s Works I am as confident are writ by the ſame Hand, as I am that one Man's Voice is his own, and different from any other beſides.

Nor can they find one Perſon in that Age a Maſter of *Engliſh* Stile except *Charles* I. and Doctor *Hewit*, to whom this Work was never pretendedly aſcrib'd.

Major *Huntingdon*, his Goaler, and one who uſed the King always well; has declared to ſeveral Perſons that he has ſeen the King write ſeveral Parts with his own Hand.

For the other Proofs I refer the Reader to *Wagſtaff*, who finiſhed this Controverſy; but Impertinence, if knock'd down never ſo often, will riſe againſt Modeſty and common Senſe.

The extream Reſpect the Doctor ſhews for the Memory of *Oliver*; the Raptures he ſpeaks with of the Sobriety and Piety of his Army,

who

who were moſt Independents and Anabaptiſts, proceeds from a Friendſhip of long ſtanding and deeply rooted for 'em. They were gifted Men, and he ſays preached as they were moved; but he does not tell us whether by God or the Devil. They were modeſt, and only once drew their Swords in the Kirk; the Doctor was preſent at the Fray, Epiſcopal as he was, and devoutly prayed with the Presbyterians, and was equally prepared for the Anabaptiſts, by his being there, and prejudic'd in behalf of their ſober Aſpects. (*a*)

As for *Oliver*'s Government, the Highlanders never enjoy'd ſuch a Scene of Proſperity as under him: The Diſcipline of his Army was ſo exact, that none had reaſon to complain; that is, I ſuppoſe he means the Godly. As for the Sufferings of the Wicked, no Man of the Spirit feels 'em. And the ſame Share of Proſperity *England* enjoy'd, when the Saints poſſeſſed what they never toil'd for, and eat the Fruit they never planted; when a proportionable Share of Largeneſs and Zeal could entitle a Beggar in Fortune and Birth to an Eſtate he never work'd for. (*b*)

However, as to the Diſcipline of the *Cromwellian* Army, I refer 'em to the *Mer-*

(*a*) *See* p. 58. (*b*) p. 61.

*curius*

*curius Rusticus*, and to *Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*.

Well, the *Scots* under this Discipline felt all the Comforts of Knowledge and Religion; they preach'd and pray'd ten Hours together before they received the Sacrament, and many would go 40 or 50 Miles, when they might as effectually receive it at home; and the People were so improv'd, that they were perpetually talking of divine Things. Thus far the Doctor puts the fairest Gloss upon the Cant of that Age, tho' in other Places he runs it down as low as he had raised it high before. For all this fine Preaching before the Sacraments was only an Heap of Predestination, stuff'd with Invectives and Lies. The travelling 40 Miles to receive that Sacrament is a Custom still retained in *Scotland*, and is a Concourse of Mob, who attend upon what they call *the Occasion*, with all the Appearances of a Fair; that a Stranger accidentally falling upon the Place, would look out for Booths and Puppet-Shows, Bears and Fiddles, rather than a Sacrament.

And when this Sacrament was received, it was the Cement of Malice, and an unrighteous Covenant against their God, their King, and the true Religion.

The divine Things they talk'd of were upon the Subject of God's great Goodness in damning all the World but themselves; or uttering

uttering ſome blaſphemous Hereſy. The Benefit of this Knowledge, and this talking of divine Matters, we were not Strangers to in *England*, if the Reader will but give himſelf the Trouble of conſulting *Edwards's Gangrene*; and it ought to be of ſome Weight even with the Doctor's Friends, as the Author was a Presbyterian.

It is evident in this, and in numerous Inſtances, he magnifies every thing on one ſide of the Queſtion: As for Truth, Care, and Elaborateneſs, he is above them, or why ſhould he ſay only one Spy of *Oliver*'s was diſcovered? But whether he means Sir *Richard Willis* or *Manning*, is beſt known to himſelf; the latter was not only diſcovered, but ſhot in the Duke of *Newburgh*'s Territories, which ſo much offended *Ludlow*, that he queſtion'd by what Right it was done; tho' in my Opinion a Spy is an unfair Creature; and a *fera Natura*, and not protected by the Law of Nations.

The *Doctor* having clear'd up *Oliver Cromwell*'s Memory, applauded his Councils and his Arms, proceeds to fall upon the *Stuarts*. He tells you the exacteſt Time when King *Charles* II. chang'd his Religion. But from whom has the Doctor this Secret? The Cardinal *de Retz* ſaid ſomething like it to the Marquis *de Roucy*, that to his Knowledge both the Princes were turn'd Papiſts;

Papiſts; yet the Doctor ſays immediately after, the Duke's Converſion came not on ſo faſt; my Lord *Aubigny* he ſays had a great hand in it, yet he offers no Proof to confirm this raſh Aſſertion, and my Lord *Clarendon* he ſays never believ'd it.

But, ſays he, Sir *Allen Broderick* ſent me likewiſe an Account of the Matter; yet Sir *Allen* knew not whether it was at *Fontainbleau* or not; and as to the Time he is equally uncertain, yet the Doctor puts it down as granted that he turn'd Papiſt immediately upon his leaving *France*. (*a*)

If you depend upon Dr. *Burnet*'s Veracity, his Father was a Royaliſt, and yet had the Offer from *Oliver Cromwell* to be a Judge; a Lie certainly hangs to one Side of the Queſtion, but to ſhake it is very difficult, becauſe for Accidents ſo remote we are often at a loſs; yet the Doctor, by a Fate common to Liars, helps us at a dead Lift, by a charitable Contradiction or two of his own; for this great Loyaliſt his Father was very intimate with *Overton*, who was as rank a Fanatick as that Age produc'd, and ſo intimate, ſays he, that *Cromwell* ſent *Howard*, afterwards Earl of *Carliſle*, to enquire into theſe Plots; yet when *Howard* heard *Burnet*'s Father's Character, he made no Enquiry, but ſaid,

(*a*) *See* p. 74.

" *Cromwell*

" *Cromwell* was always uneasy when a good " Man was queſtion'd". So that the Father was by his Character freed from any Suſpicion on the ſide of *Oliver Cromwell*; and yet he was a Royaliſt, and known to be ſo by *Oliver* himſelf (*a*). I would not here reflect upon his Father's Character, for I find by all Accounts the Doctor took the leaſt Share of his Blood from him, and he was too good to be one of *Oliver*'s Judges.

But his Father was not the only good Judge *Oliver* would have made; he filled the Benches with Judges of the beſt Character, ſuch were thoſe who ſat at *Lilburn*'s Trial (*b*); Men who had neither Law, nor a decent Aſſurance to out-face the Law; when *Lilburn* call'd them Rogues (as they were) they look'd pale; ſo that they were inſufficient for any Turn, for a juſt one too ignorant, or a bad one too cowardly and baſe.(*c*)

But *Oliver*'s Generals were not half ſo good as his Judges, one particularly lies ſo in the Doctor's Stomach he can't forgive him, and that was General *Monk*; he never bruſhes upon his Name but he bruſhes upon his Character too; ſometimes he makes him half loyal, again in his Heart a Commonwealth's Man, and ſometimes ſo ambitious as to aſpire to be King himſelf. For a compleat Vindication of that ever memorable Man, I refer the Reader to Dr. *Skinner*'s

(*a*) p. 80. (*b*) *See* Lilburn's *Trial*. (*c*) p. 82.

Life, lately publish'd, after a long Suspension from the publick Light, and in my Opinion it silences all his Adversaries can say on those Heads.

As for King *Charles* II. going to Mass while the *Pyrenæan* Treaty was on foot; this Story is brought in with the Doctor's usual Carelessness and Air of Pride, but he is here so modest as to quote no Author for it; if it is true, it is highly improbable, because the Relater has ten to one against him.

The Doctor has the least reason of any Man living to reproach King *Charles* for want of Strictness of Communion, when we find the Doctor himself by his own Accounts preaching at *Geneva*, and canting presently after with the Cardinals at *Rome*.

But so remarkable a Step in King *Charles* at that time of day would have called for a publick Animadversion; the fictitious Brand of Popery did great Service to that Infant State; but a real and open Profession of Popery would have been worth a Plate Fleet to the Regicides; yet this Secret came drawling out at last, when every one is dead that could dispute it. (a)

But to return to General *Monk*. The Dr. falls upon him very unmercifully for his compleat and genteel Restoration of the King; that is, the prudent General foresaw it would be very hard, that after every Rebellion the

(a) *Vide* p. 85.

Crown

Crown muſt loſe more Prerogative; if every Tempeſt that ſhakes a Tree muſt tear away a Limb, the defenceleſs Trunk will be a ſad Spectacle of paſt Misfortunes; ſurely, ſetting the Kingdom in the State it was in before the Rebellion, was a moſt juſt and equitable way.

The wiſe Men of *Gotham* who hedg'd in the Cuckow were juſt ſuch Politicians as theſe, who would reſtrain Princes againſt their Wills, for the Supreme Power will mount over thoſe low Devices.

It is therefore dangerous to clip their Wings too cloſe; and as for our own Parts, whatever are the Schemes of fantaſtical Men, our Conſtitution in both Church and State was then in a natural Situation: for as the Sea and the Land are a mutual Check to each other, ſo ought the Balance of Power exactly to be in all States and Governments, and *Monk* was ſo wiſe as to know where the Scale kick'd up, and toſs'd all juſt Power with it by a ſuperior Weight of Violence on the other ſide.

There ſtarted up in this Age an Eccleſiaſtick, if we believe the Doctor, in every reſpect the exact Parallel with General *Monk*; that was Mr. *Sharp*, he proteſted himſelf a zealous Presbyterian, till he had treated with all Parties to re-eſtabliſh Epiſcopacy in *Scotland*, and this the Doctor reſents as ſo vile a Piece of Treachery as made him hated; the Doctor not reflecting that this Character is his

his own to the Life as to the double Dealing, tho' ſuperior to him in this reſpect, as the Scope, End and Deſign was juſt, honourable and glorious. (*a*)

But our Doctor is ſo far from this, after he has gull'd Mankind with his Hypocriſy, he beats down their Characters, as tho' they were only Scaffolds for him to riſe with.

His Character of King *Charles* is full of Contradictions, he ſays he had no Senſe of Religion, and at the Prayers and Sacraments endeavour'd only to ſatisfy the People he was not concern'd in the Story.

If he was a Papiſt in his Heart, and ſecretly reconcil'd to that Religion, his turning up his Eyes and devout Poſture at our Sacraments would have only ſet him off to us as a profound Hypocrite. But if he was not even a Chriſtian, how could he be a Papiſt? How could he be for implicit Faith, an infallible Judge, and the Direction of the Spirit of God in Articles of Religion? Theſe are Topicks inconſiſtent with Deiſm, they are the Reſult of the higheſt Veneration for Religion, however wrong they are applied to Popery.

I am told from thoſe, who had it from others, who were well inform'd, that he behav'd himſelf in the Church decently,

(*a*) See p. 92.

was

was very attentive to Sermons, and often charm'd with the Eloquence of the Pulpit. His Divines he was ſometimes deceiv'd in, and particularly in the Doctor himſelf; but his Scope was to pick out the beſt, and he had a great many, the Ornaments of his Reign.

I wiſh the Doctor's own Sincerity was duly weigh'd; in *Scotland*, *England*, *Geneva*, *Rome*, and *Holland*, he could ſincerely act with the Presbyterians, and be thoroughly Epiſcopal, as he ſays; he could preach at *Geneva* with Applauſe, and inſinuate ſo far with the Cardinals at *Rome* as to make 'em talk with him the Secrets of their Souls.

He was very ſincere in King *Charles*'s and King *James*'s Cloſets, when he hated even the Reſtoration of the firſt, and came into all Meaſures to end the Reign of the laſt. That he hated the Reſtoration, is plain from his peculiar Pique againſt *Monk*.

He tells us *Monk* was avaritious, and ſold all that came in his way, and King *Charles* ſaw ſo far into him as to deſpiſe him.

When I conſider the Doctor is ſpeaking againſt the Man who gave up three great and mighty Kingdoms to the juſt Pretenſions of their lawful Sovereign; that he twice refus'd 100000 *l. per Annum* for the Wages of his Loyalty, and let in King *Charles* without a Stipulation for one Penny for his Reward; I ſay theſe are ſtrong Pleas for his Character, as they are Inſtances of the moſt exalted Generoſity,

nerosity, and therefore I will look upon the General above these Reflections, tho' his Humour did not suit with the Doctor's Taste, nor his Lady with his lascivious Eye.

If King *Charles* despis'd General *Monk*, or if I could be persuaded the Doctor speaks Truth, I could as heartily despise even the King for his Folly; a King that cannot find the Value of so much Merit, may fight his own Battles, and restore himself, for any Pretensions he can have to Loyalty or hot Service.

He next proceeds (*a*) to represent all the Episcopalians in *Scotland* as a Set of Drunkards; 'tis true many are the ill Consequences of hot Intemperance, and many likewise are the ill Consequences of cool Malice. I have been in *Scotland* myself, and have seen the Extensiveness of Presbyterian Charity, with whom even Mirth is criminal; and if the Doctor was himself one of those who drank only Tea and Vinegar, his Life has not passed without Censure for Crimes of a worse Nature than Drinking. He had better have been a Sot all his Life in a Tavern, than to have blasted the Reputation of one Man of better Character than himself. I have known a thousand Wickednesses ripen in the Shade of Sobriety, and low-spirited

(*a*) *See* p. 113.

Vices

Vices creep in upon Men who value themſelves for one negative Virtue, not drinking; they ſwallow whole Draughts of Revenge, they thirſt for innocent Blood, they are intemperate with Fury, and drunk with Enthuſiaſm; all this is a State of Drunkenneſs, that has no Interval of Sobriety or of Repentance, the Senſe never returns, and the Saint is all for cool Wickedneſs and Barbarity.

An Inſtance of one of your ſober Heroes was the Earl of *Argyle*.

He forgot his Duty to his Father, Gratitude to his King, yet he would not drink.

He was ſuch a Coward as always to run before *Montroſe*, yet he would never drink.

He car'd not with what Barbarity he us'd the Priſoners that fell into his Hands, yet he would never drink.

Tho' *Montroſe* ſcorn'd to uſe Repriſals, he procur'd *Montroſe* to be murder'd, even hang'd upon a Gibbet in cool Blood, yet *Argyle* would never drink.

When he made his Defence he could tell the moſt evident Lies, yet he would never drink.

He dy'd without Repentance, tho' in his Life-time he would never drink.

This ſober Hero is repreſented by the Dr. as departing this World as a primitive Saint expiring for Chriſtianity. He dy'd a Martyr to the Covenant; and a Stranger to thoſe

Times

Times would think this Covenant was no leſs than the Seal betwixt Chriſt and his Church, yet it was no more than a young Engagement of Enthuſiaſts to live and die by their own Humours, a certain Sign they were ill whipp'd at School. The Defence of the King's Perſon was indeed Part of the Engagement, but that Article was like an Eclipſe upon the Covenant, as He went off, the Covenant remain'd bright and clear, and ſettled in a ſplendid Uſurpation. Upon the whole, if Sobriety has done theſe Things, it has really advanc'd the Credit of Liquor ſo far, that the preſent Age have quite caſt off that ſober Turn, and Religion is ſcandaliz'd by an oppoſite Extream, *the Hell-fire Club*, where the ſame wicked Principles proceed in a more open and candid manner.

To return. Our ſober Hero at his Trial was moſt barbarouſly us'd by General *Monk*, who ſent to the Parliament his own Letters, containing a Complication of moſt invenom'd Malice againſt the Cauſe of his Country and of his King.

I might put ſome caſuiſtical Queſtions, how far a Man is oblig'd in Conſcience? and how far according to the prevailing Notions of Honour to keep Secrets of that nature? I know there is a Chaſm betwixt the two Queſtions that can never be fill'd up, yet I conclude no Man is Maſter of the Secrets of his Country as to deny 'em if they come fairly

fairly into his Power, without Artifice, Liſtning, Breach of Faith, or Stratagem. Your induſtrious Informers are the damnable Tools of guilty Politicians. But this was not *Monk*'s Caſe, who fairly laid before the Parliament what fairly came to his Hand; and his Allegiance, in my Opinion, ought to be the Teſt of his Honour.

But as the Doctor makes ſo free with other Peoples Honour, let us take a ſhort View of his own.

When the Biſhops return'd to *Scotland*, tho' he was thoroughly Epiſcopal, he was griev'd at the Pomp of the publick Entry. Let him compare this with his own publick Entry into *Exeter*.

But how entirely Epiſcopal the Biſhop was, appears immediately after in the 143d and 144th Pages. He murmurs in the firſt place very much at the Eſtabliſhment of Epiſcopacy in *Scotland*, that the Government and the Juriſdiction was entirely lodg'd in the Biſhops, with the Aſſiſtance of ſuch of their own Clergy who were of known Loyalty and Prudence. Thus far he has overthrown the *Cyprianick*-Biſhops entirely.

2*dly*, He declares what he would have the Biſhops in *Scotland* be, *i. e.* only Preſidents with a negative Voice; this is clipping their Wings, extinguiſhing the Diſtinction of Order, and making them only Moderators of the Aſſembly.

3*dly*, The owning the Biſhops with this Power, was impoſing upon the Conſcience.

4*thly*, He ſays the Biſhops in *Scotland* were never before look'd upon as having more than the Precedency, and ſome Share in Ordination. Thus he has deſtroy'd the Characteriſtick Power of Ordination in Biſhops, and given them only a Share with Presbyters.

Our throughly Epiſcopal Man's Modeſty was ſo great upon this Occaſion, that our Doctor, a Boy of 19, would not when deſir'd, accept a Vacancy under this Epiſcopacy, yet he was thoroughly Epiſcopal at the ſame time, only he wanted Presbyterian Biſhops.

As to the Truth of his being careſs'd by the *Scottiſh* Miniſtry at 19, we have only his own Word for it; whereas Dr. *Cockburn* in a late Pamphlet informs us, he took indeed his Maſter of Arts Degree at 17, and by 20 return'd from his Travels into *England*, *France*, and *Holland*, and after that took out his Licenſe to be a Preacher; it is not therefore probable the Earl of *Glencarn* at the Age of 19 could fix upon him to fill a Church Vacancy.

Well, to return to his Principles. He tells us the State of the Church of *Scotland* was ſuch before Epiſcopacy crept in, that the meaneſt Mechanick could preach and pray *extempore*. It would ſurprize you to hear the Copiouſneſs of theſe People, for tho' they

they preach'd Nonſenſe they were ſtill copious, and that is enough for him. But, with the Doctor's Pardon, we were at that time as copious in *England*, yet the Nation was far from repenting at the Return of their Biſhops again, and never ſigh'd at the Loſs of *extempore* Prayer; for while theſe divine Matters were in the Peoples Heads, the Devil was in their Hearts, and the Saints with their Knowledge would do things the Wicked were afraid of. If the People in *Scotland* or in *England* had been inſtructed in the common Duties of Morality, neither Kingdom would have been afflicted with Wars and Works of Horror.

However the Doctor magnifies this divine Knowledge, and repreſents the Epiſcopalians as a Set of ſcandalous Wretches, who in their Cups were hot, and in all their religious Acts cold, ſo thus thro' the whole Work he turns all the Diſpute upon the Sobriety of the Rebels, and particularly (*a*) upon the Sobriety of *Cromwell*'s Army; yet by all the Accounts we can learn of the Sufferings and Miſeries of thoſe Times, the *Aſſyrians*, *Babylonians*, or *Egyptians*, the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Heruli*, the Great *Turk*, and the *Tartars*, never brought more Terror with them than this ſober Army of Sheep-biters;

(*a*) *Vide* p. 161.

ſo have I ſeen a Dog skulk and look with the ſame ſober and puritanical Face upon the Sheep in his Maſter's Preſence, yet ſteal away in the Night and commit all his Works of Horror upon their poor Carcaſes.

When the ſober Regicides come to ſuffer, the Doctor dwells upon their Cant, their Enthuſiaſm, and the ſolemn Grace with which they departed this World. Poor Sir *Harry Vane*, who waded thro' their Depths of Blood, and ſhed my Lord *Strafford*'s in the Singleneſs of his Heart, and his Zeal for the Lord of Hoſts, when he came to the Scaffold was not permitted by the Government to ſpeak; this was ſuch a Piece of Tyranny as ſet all Peoples Hearts againſt King *Charles*; for to ſhed the Blood of ſuch Saints was unpardonable, who march'd intrepidly into another World the ſame Enthuſiaſts they had liv'd in this.

Whether the Doctor brings Adultery and Fornication under the Notion of Sobriety, I cannot even conjecture, except from ſome old Stories I have heard of the Doctor's from thoſe who have been well inform'd. But to ſhew the Doctor's Partiality in Characters, in that of the Duke of *York* he never gives him the Character of a ſober Man, tho' he was diſtinguiſh'd very much for that. (*a*)

But as the Doctor is of no Credit to thoſe he ſpeaks well of, I ſhall point the Duke's Character, and we ſhall find him ever ſuperior,

rior, as to a governing Genius, to King *Charles* himself.

His Bravery wanted no Recommendations of *Turenne*; he had been often at Sea in the midst of Blood, Fire and Smoke, intent only upon filling all the Offices of a great Commander; and for this I appeal to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and to the great and experienc'd Seamen of that Age.

The Doctor owns he was sincere till his Principles wore all his good Qualities away; whereas alas! more probably his Sincerity wore out all his other good Qualities.

As the Doctor owns the Duke was a Man of Business, I shall add, that Frugality made him rich when a Duke, and Religion made him poor when he was a King, and few Princes ever amass'd so much Wealth before he came to the Crown, and so soon lost it after: The Zeal of his House eat him up, a Fault not very common to Princes; and if he had taken more Care of his Navy than of his Standing-Army, he might have treated upon the Vacancy of the Throne in another manner.

Let me enlarge a little farther upon what such a Prince might have done, if he had given Scope only to his own Genius for Business, and not have trod the untry'd Paths of

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(4) *Vide* p. 168.

Novelty,

Novelty, and to have tamper'd with the Humours of a fickle and inconſtant People.

His Brother left him the Balance of *Europe* in his Hands; his Word by an Envoy would have compos'd the greateſt Storm that could riſe in *Europe*, but he neglected to uſe that Power at a critical Moment, which ſoon after prov'd his Ruin.

His ſedate and ſerious Application to Buſineſs made his Brother love him, becauſe he took more than half the Burthen upon himſelf, and left the hereditary Monarch to Vices and Pleaſures that never came with his Blood.

This great Duke had one Quality all our Kings were Strangers to ſince *Henry* VII. *viz.* FRUGALITY; I have heard his neareſt Servants call it Covetouſneſs, tho' in my Opinion that Vice in a Prince can never hurt a Kingdom, however ungracious it looks in his private Perſon. For his further Character I appeal to the Teſtimony of a Whigg, who wrote for his Excluſion in King *Charles* II. his Reign, in a Book call'd *Plato Redivivus*, who has theſe Words.

" And for his only Brother (*viz.* the Duke " of *York*) tho' accidentally he cannot be " denied to be a great Motive of the Peoples " Unquietneſs, all Men muſt acknowlege " him to be a moſt glorious and honourable " Prince, one who has expos'd his Life ſeve- " ral times for the Safety and Glory of this " Nation,

" Nation, one who pays juſtly and punctu-
" ally his Debts, and manages his own For-
" tune diſcreetly, and yet keeps the beſt
" Court and Equipage of any Subject in
" Chriſtendom, is courteous and affable to
" all; and in fine, has nothing in his whole
" Conduct to be excepted againſt, much leſs
" dreaded, excepting that he is believ'd to
" be of a Religion contrary to the Honour
" of God, and the Safety and Intereſt of this
" People, which gives them juſt Apprehen-
" ſions of their forlorn Condition." *Plato Redivivus*, p. 19.

I look upon him before his Fall as a mighty Prince, that is, with the Affections of the better Part of the Nation, and a Church of *England* Parliament on his ſide; he was juſt at that time arriv'd at the *Culmination* of Glory; but when he loſt the Affections of the People, that Glory dwindled, and he fell by very contemptible Means, in reſpect to the Force againſt him; of ſo great moment it is for a Prince to Reign in the Hearts of his People.

But the Doctor when he *glavers* upon King *James*, does it with a very ill Grace; his Play is Horſe-Play, and his Anger repreſents the Unpoliteneſs of the *Bear-garden*; for the Duke of *Buckingham*'s pretended Character of the Duke, that he would ſee Things if he could, was more properly the Duke of *Buckingham*'s own, for he had the Fate common to Men of Wit and Pleaſure, like

like a Squirrel he leap'd from Bough to Bough, and never ſettled his Thoughts till he expir'd in a very mean way.

The want of Capacity can with no Juſtice be charg'd upon King *James*, nor the want of Courage; but the Unfortunate muſt ſuſtain the Injuries of the World, I mean of the baſer ſort; and this any Man may experimentally feel in low Life.

His changing his Religion when he was a grown Perſon, was the moſt inexcuſable Weakneſs of his Life; but the Occaſion of his Converſion has ſomething in it very ridiculous.

The Doctor, who knows every thing, ſays, Dr. *Steward* prepar'd him for Popery, by inſtilling into him the Principles of the Church of *England*; the real ſpiritual Preſence of Chriſt led him to Tranſubſtantiation, and the Notion of Epiſcopacy to an infallible Judge the Pope; ſurely he was half willing to be converted before theſe Topicks were conſider'd.

However near he was led to the Church of *Rome* by theſe Principles, he was pretty ſingular; I thank God the Church of *England* has loſt no Ground by them, for your irrational and enthuſiaſtick Schemes rather deter than bring People back from the Errors of that Church; and ſurely the Duke of *York* had a Head very wrong turn'd for

Argument,

Argument, if our Principles ſent him to the Church of *Rome*.

If the Doctor had ſaid the general Word *Proteſtant* was the Occaſion, he had been more right; for when he ſaw ſo many Proteſtants of all ſorts, exerciſe their Cruelties upon his Father, he might be frightned by the Word *Proteſtant* to a Word in its turn equally cruel.

I will give the Doctor his due Praiſe, that he never fails to give the Church of *England* a Wipe, ſhe is always the Cauſe of all the Miſchief the Fanaticks do.

He is diſcontented with the Act of Uniformity in King *Charles* II. his Reign, and with the Prayer for the Parliament, in which our King is ſtil'd moſt religious and gracious; (*a*) he ſaid this was a Jeſt to all the World, who knew his Morals, and yet the Doctor pray'd in this manner himſelf.

He was leſs pleas'd with the high Stile of our Offices for the 30th of *January* and the 29th of *May*; and I really believe no Stile upon that Occaſion could pleaſe him.

He falls with great freedom upon the *Bartholomew* Act, as cruel, to force Men from their Benefices, without a Proportion for their Subſiſtence; if it was cruel, the Doctor might have held his Tongue upon

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(*a*) *See p. 81.*

that Subject, for ſome Reaſons beſt known between him and myſelf.

For my own Part, I ever abhorr'd all Perſecution for the ſake of Conſcience, tho' I can by no means think it Perſecution to free the Church of *England* from a monſtrous Coalition, to purge her from a Pſeudo-Miniſtry, and to ſettle her Ordinations upon an Apoſtolical Foundation; moreover, the greateſt Part of the Excluded had no very good Titles to their Preferments, they were *Intruders* upon the Rights of others, as evidently appears from the Accounts of thoſe Times.

The Doctor, tho' a Pretender to impartial Hiſtory, covers all the Faults of his own ſide, as I may truly call it; he paſſes in Oblivion the Sequeſtrations and Deprivations of the ſuffering Clergy. As for the fifth Part of the Benefice for their Subſiſtence, unleſs in great Livings, it was a wretched Pittance, and as miſerably paid. The Doctor never felt any Calamities of that Time; and towards the Loyaliſts he has an Heart of Stone, but for his Republican Saints what Bowels of Compaſſion does he bear! They were ſweet Babes of Chriſt, ſo ſober, that they were a Pattern to the whole Kingdom. But at the Reſtoration, when Riches pour'd in upon the Incumbents, by the renewal of Leaſes, it was all ſpent, if you believe him, in Luxury and Lazineſs. The Clergy who adher'd

adher'd close to the Interest of the Church, were a Set of the most despicable Creatures in the World, and all those immense Riches were cast away upon 'em. The Doctor is angry at the Restoration, they did not begin with Sacrilege, and turn those Fines to a more pious Use, of maintaining Mrs *Palmer*, and some other Ladies.

But to shew the World how grosly the Doctor abuses the Clergy, and runs down the Benefactions of that Age, I shall here set down their Beneficences as taken from the present State of *England*, Edit. 21. p. 3. ch. 1.

| | *l.* |
|---|---|
| Dr. *Juxon* Archb. of *Cant.* | 64000 |
| Dr. *Gilbert Sheldon* | 57000 |
| Dr. *Bryan Duppa* | 46000 |
| Dr. *Frewen* | 15000 |
| Dr. *Cosins* | 66000 |
| Dr. *Warner* | 59600 |
| Tot. | 307600 |

## Deans and Chapters.

| | *l.* |
|---|---|
| *Canterbury* | 16000 |
| *Winchester* | 45800 |
| *Durham* | 1500 |
| *Ely* | 14000 |
| *Exeter* | 26000 |

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lincoln* | 11000 |
| *Rocheſter* | 10000 |
| *Worceſter* | 19000 |
| *Windſor* | 28500 |
| *York* | 8000 |
| *Wells* | 8000 |
| Su. | 187800 |
| Tot. | 495400 |

*Seth Ward*, the Doctor's Predeceſſor in *Salisbury*, gave for charitable Uſes 24000 Pounds.

The World in no Age can produce ſuch aſtoniſhing Munificence as this; with what reaſon then can the Doctor ſay they were lazy, idle, and covetous.

What a Character does he give of the *Latitudinarian* Divines! *More*, ſays he, was an open-hearted and ſincere Chriſtian Philoſopher; but thoſe who remember'd him aſſur'd me that he was a rigid *Oliverian*, and ſo fierce againſt the Reſtoration, that he curs'd General *Monk* for bringing in the King, at a time when he had the Bleſſings of a whole Nation upon him for that Act of Piety.

*Stillingfleet* he cries up for the worſt Work he ever wrote, his *Irenicum*, a Book he was aſham'd of, and retracted afterwards, as it was levell'd againſt the Neceſſity of diſtinct Orders in the Church; this the Doctor himſelf

himself confesses (a), and nevertheless applauds the Book.

*Patrick* comes next in the Doctor's Class, whom he forgets to tell us wrote *The Friendly Debate*, and was far from a *Latitudinarian* till after both King *Charles*'s and K. *James*'s Reigns; he was a Divine covetous to a degree of Scandal, and left about 40000 *l.* to a Son, who liv'd wretchedly, and dy'd miserably, and this Man with the rest is oppos'd to those great Men mention'd before; yet this fine Class were, by the Doctor's own Confession, *Trimmers*, and one, to his Honour, married *Oliver Cromwell*'s Sister. I wish the Doctor had oblig'd us with the Benefactions of these sober Men.

The Doctor, after such Injuries done to so learned and venerable a Body, (b) cants for an Union with the Church of *England* and the Presbyterians; and a blessed Union it must be, where there's so little Charity. If all were like the Doctor, we should only unite with them, to be more effectually betray'd. However, we do not fight the Papists with our Numbers, we have a more prevailing Force, and a Pale of a Church to secure us from all Attacks; and that Pale was our Defence, when we had no Churches to preach in, and were reduced

(a) *See* p. 189. (b) p. 195.

low

low in the common Opinion of the World. He endeavours to make us believe, King *Charles* ſtood in awe of the Duke of *York*'s Poiſons; that he was afraid of him, as Children are afraid of thoſe under whoſe Correction they lye; yet he openly cheriſh'd this Rival, he kept him in the Kingdom as long as he cou'd, and reſtored him from Baniſhment as ſoon. How would the *Turk* laugh at ſuch a Politician as King *Charles*? *Credat judeus Apella.*

Well, but the Doctor's Spite comes out: His Uncle *Warriſton*, a Regicide, and Favourite of *Oliver Cromwel*'s, was ſeiz'd at *Rouen*, as though he had been a Rogue, and afterwards rewarded with a Puniſhment equal to his Crimes (*a*). The Doctor, in Diſguſt for the Loſs of ſo near and dear a Relation, prepar'd for his Travels into *Holland*, where he learn'd good Principles, and Notions of Liberty.

Upon his Return, being no more than Twenty-three Years of Age, and fully inſtructed in *Dutch* Principles, he came back to *Scotland*, and contriv'd a Libel againſt the Biſhops of that Nation: He juſtify'd himſelf pretty well for a young Man; he ſet his Name to the Book, and therefore it could be no Libel; he ſo far improv'd afterwards, that his very Name to a Panegy-

(*a*) *Vide* p. 1.

rick

tick has been enough to turn it into a Libel.

But concerning this Libel I ſhall obſerve, that Dr. *Cockburn*, his Cotemporary, by good Fortune is alive, and has ſet it in a true Light; from him it appears it was generated by Ambition, and filled with Falſhoods and Treachery, and was ſo far from being kept a Secret, as he aſſerts, that he diſpers'd ſeveral Copies to even the Presbyterians themſelves.

Moreover, tho' he repreſents that the Biſhops us'd him with Sharpneſs, it appears they us'd him with more Lenity than he deſerv'd, by only inſiſting on a Submiſſion, and asking Pardon; the Doctor denies both, yet it is evident he is too partial to himſelf, if we conſult the ſaid Dr. *Cockburn*'s Remarks, for he did ask Pardon, and very probably upon his Knees.

Thus this throughly Epiſcopal Man began betimes to fall upon a Body of Men for adhering to the Court and worldly Matters; when he confeſſes, the ſame was his own conſtant Method from Nineteen: He could not therefore contrive this Libel out of a conſcious Regard, but from Pique, becauſe he was not a Biſhop himſelf, or from Spite, to blaſt the Order.

I dare ſay all that time the Biſhops wanted no foul Language from the ſober Party in *Scotland*, without calling for new Aggravations, eſpecially from ſo throughly an Epiſcopal

copal Brother; but the Doctor was a Wit, and therefore King *Charles* lik'd it, whoſe conſtant Rule was, never to puniſh a Man of Wit, though it was pointed full in his own Face: But how that Prince would have lik'd this Hiſtory, we may eaſily judge, if he made Wit and Truth the Standard of his Approbation.

How would he have been pleas'd to hear his Brother ridicul'd as a Coward, upon a fooliſh Story of one *Bronker*, who order'd the Sails to be ſlacken'd while the Duke was aſleep? The Doctor takes it for granted, all was contriv'd by the Duke of *York*, on purpoſe to ſave himſelf from further Danger, as though the Duke's Courage came only by Fits and Starts.

The Injuſtice done to the Memory of that unfortunate Prince by ſuch Means, ſhew of what Complexion his Adverſaries are. The Duke was more than once at Sea, and in Engagements of a quite different Nature from thoſe at Land; if he had been puſillanimous, he wou'd never have ventur'd twice. The Doctor came over indeed in a Fleet; but if the Lord *Dartmouth* had been in the way, he would have gone back again with another Notion of a Sea-fight. The Duke of *York* might eaſily have been excuſed, if he had

(a) *Vide* p. 218.

been

been pleaſed; but he wanted no Thirſt of Glory, and 'tis barbarous to pluck the wither'd Lawrels from his Head.

Another Impertinence confutes it ſelf in the Relation. The Duke was ſo tainted, he could not get healthy Children; his eldeſt Daughter had always a Pain in her Eyes, and the youngeſt the Gout; yet the youngeſt liv'd to Fifty Years of Age and died with no Chronical Diſtemper. Moreover, I never heard that the Gout was the Reliſt of the Pox, or a Sign of Weakneſs, when the beſt Conſtitutions have it: And though I propoſe in this Treatiſe a ſtrict Neutrality in political Diſputes, I will venture to ſay, if he could get a Daughter in 1664, who lived till Fifty-one, with no other Diſtemper than the Gout, he might poſſibly get a Son, in all Appearance healthy, in 1688, who may yet have the Gout before he dies, and where then is the Doctor's Argument gone? Alas! this poor Prince was a Complication of every thing bad with Dr. *Burnet*; he contriv'd the Matter of the burning of the City of *London*; and one *Grant*, a Papiſt, ſtopp'd the Cocks of the New River, and carried away the Peg, that when the Fire broke out, it was a great Delay to the getting Water from thence: This Story was told by Dr. *Lloyd*, and by the Counteſs of *Clarendon*.

Now the Doctor is upon his Reputation; but for my part, I do not believe he was told ſo by any one, becauſe *Grant*, as I am credibly inform'd, did not enter into the *New-River-Company* till ſome time after the Fire.

If this Story had been true, one oblique Suſpicion had been gain'd, and upon putting another Circumſtance, that the Duke of *York* look'd very gay at the Fire, this is enough to make him burn the City at once. That he did look gay upon that Occaſion, I do not believe, becauſe it was contrary to his natural Looks; and we have only Dr. *Burnet*'s Word for it. Then what Pleaſure the preſumptive Heir of Three Kingdoms could take in ſeeing the Metropolis burnt, I leave to any candid Man to account for: I know the Gunpowder-Plot has made the Papiſts believ'd to be capable of any Madneſs; yet I think it is very unfair from ſuch an Accident, to charge a whole People with being Ideots.

I am quite weary of purſuing the Doctor through all his Reproaches againſt the Royal Family; his Ingratitude was certainly an unpardonable Crime, for theſe Princes, till they knew him, lov'd and careſs'd him; and yet he carried an everlaſting Spleen againſt them, and liv'd to triumph in their Ruins; and not content with that, (enough to ſatisfy the moſt unrelenting Heart) this Hiſtory

is

is a freſh Attack, and a freſh Triumph over them in the Grave, ſo contrary to his own Principles ſet forth in a Book call'd, *A Vindication of Dr.* Burnet *and Dr.* Tillotſon, *&c.* printed in 1696, where he ſays, *To violate the Quiet of the Dead, and purſue the Aſhes of Men who have finiſh'd their Courſe, would paſs for a Crime againſt Nature even amongſt barbarous Nations*, &c. Now what the greateſt Part of this Hiſtory is, which he reviſ'd to his Death, I leave the Reader to judge. He endeavours to blaſt them to future Ages, a Practice our *Engliſh* Hiſtorians have been too ſucceſsful in againſt unfortunate Monarchs before.

King *Charles* is in more Places than one repreſented cruel, though his eager and paſſionate Speech for an Act of Indemnity upon his Reſtoration, and the few Executions after ſo great a Rebellion, ſhew more of Mercy than Policy in him; for though numerous Executions are a Burthen and a Reproach to the Government, by the Doctor's own Confeſſion, yet ſurely I would have hang'd one of a ſort of ſuch a numerous Species of Rogues, for Example ſake: But when he mentions ſome deſperate Enthuſiaſts at *Pentland-Hills*, the Doctor calls them an harmleſs Set of Men. 'Tis true, all Infant Rebellions are very harmleſs; but if it had proceeded, the Doctor could not anſwer for the harmleſs Intentions of a Set

of Mad-men, and envenom'd to the laſt degree.

This harmleſs Set of Men he calls *Martyrs to the Covenant*, for they rather choſe to be hang'd than abjure the ſame.

The Doctor may honour them with the Stile of *Martyrs*; I am ſure the Martyrs to Humour, to Prejudice, and Enthuſiaſm, are fit only for the Doctor's Calendar. A Man who dies with an erroneous Conſcience, is no Martyr; nor can he be commemorated in the publick Offices of the Church, nor in our private Prayers; for the Devil is the Maſter of Humour, he ſits upon the Mind, and often directs it thro' wild Extravagancies; whereas your truly conſcientious People follow the plain Tract with Fear and Trembling; theſe Perſons jump over Hedge and Ditch, dance o'er treacherous Bogs and Meadows, and are often mir'd with their Raſhneſs: For Rebellion is a Bog, Slander, Fury, Uncharitableneſs, are the miry Path theſe Men tread, and are ſwallow'd up in; whereas a truly good Man is moved in another manner, and never lets his Religion and the Conceit of his own Piety carry him beyond the Bounds of common Morality and the Light of Nature.

It's very evident, theſe Men are ſet off by the Doctor, in order to ſlur King *Charles*'s Memory with Cruelty; nay, he carried it ſo far, as not to ſtick to ſay the King burnt

tho

the City of *London*; and the Reaſon he gives for it is, becauſe he did not quench the *Dutch* Fire-Ships at *Chatham*: Yet our Accounts of that Time tell us how diligent he and the Duke were in extinguiſhing the Fire of *London*. But if he was ſuch a miſchievous Prince, why did he not burn his own Palace, and periſh in the Ruins. Surely Foreigners muſt have a ſtrange Notion of the *Stuarts*, if they can be brought to believe theſe Accounts.

The Perſon who ſuffers moſt by the Doctor's Pen, is, the Lord *Clarendon*; for he conſtantly gives him a good Word, and that is enough to make me ſuſpect that Lord's Integrity; for, as I remember, the Lord *Southampton* and him are the only Lords he vouches for to ſpeak of with Cordiality and Friendſhip: But he dreſſes up ſuch a monſtrous Story to account for the Lord *Clarendon*'s Diſgrace, that I almoſt bluſh for his Authors. The King lov'd Mrs. *Steward* ſo vehemently, that he deſign'd to marry her. The Lord *Clarendon* oppos'd this prepoſterous Match; and his Son the Lord *Cornbury* coming from her Lodgings juſt at a time when ſhe had given the King the Slip, and married the Duke of *Richmond*, this blew up the Flames ſo high, that my Lord *Clarendon* was remov'd from his Poſt

This

This is exceeding good for a Play, and makes King *Charles* an excellent *Herod* or *Arbaces*; but alas, it is as foreign to Truth, as the preceding Stories. The Doctor owns himſelf, in one Part of this Hiſtory, that the Duke of *Buckingham* propoſed to carry the Queen from him, (and to drown her, I ſuppoſe); but the King would not hear the leaſt Injury to be offer'd to the poor Lady, and protected her at all Hazards during his Life; when, if he had been an *Henry* VIII. he wanted no Opportunities to make her away; and particularly, (*a*) the Doctor confeſſes he heard from Mr. *May*, that a Project was ſet on Foot to have the Lord *Rooſe*'s Divorce be a Precedent for the King's: but the King's Anſwer to that was, it will not do, *i. e.* he would not be brought to do a thing ſo barbarous and unjuſtifiable; for there could be no other Obſtacle at that time, if the King had conſented to it.

He ſays, Mr. *May* was againſt every thing the King was for, *France*, Popery, and Arbitrary Government.

I cannot but ſay, it was very odd the King ſhould take it into his Head to deprive himſelf of the Soveraignty of Three Kingdoms, and to reſign all graciouſly into the Hands of the *French* King. This ſhews a

(*a*) *Vide* p. 262.

very

very mean Taſte for Rule, and a very high Opinion of his Couſin. The only Inſtance like it, was the Duke of *Lorrain*; yet what he did, was in a Fit of Madneſs, Rage and Deſpair, againſt his Nephew. But here the Two Brothers lovingly unite *to* ſell their Country to *France*. I muſt beg the Doctor's Pardon, if I ſay this was too low to put into an Hiſtory; it ſerves to very good Purpoſes with the credulous Mob, but will by no means paſs with the reſt of Mankind.

Then as to Popery, if ever we ſhould fall under the Government of Popiſh Kings, to mend the Misfortune let 'em be ſuch Papiſts as himſelf; may the Church of *England* enjoy the ſame peaceful Shade, may her Clergy be as learned and as good, and we ſhall hardly feel the Change.

But this good-natur'd, *French*, Popiſh King was heartily plagu'd with a Wife, who came in a ſad Pickle from Rambling, to *Whitehall* in a Cart; (*a*) the Doctor did not ſee the Cart, but he was told ſo, and that's enough.

The Doctor, tho' very hard upon Queen *Katherine*, has great Compaſſion for Mrs. *Roberts*, ſhe was a Clergyman's Daughter, (*b*) who, tho' ſhe fell into many ſcandalous Diſorders, with very diſmal Adventures in them all, yet a Principle of Religion was ſo

(*a*) *See* p. 263. (*b*) ibid.

deep

deep laid in her, that he convers'd with her three Months himself towards the latter part of her Time. I cannot but say she was very lucky in the Choice of a Confessor, it was hard to find one with Limbs more brawny, Conscience more supple, and Principles more loose, all three extream good Qualifications for a Lady of Pleasure.

His Divinity is to me a little unintelligible; that she could have the Seeds of Religion in a known and mortal Sin, borders very near upon the Independent Notion; that she might repent, is, I think, not contrary to the Doctrine of the Church of *England*; but upon that Repentance the Spirit of God returns, and this is a State of Regeneration; but in that State of Sin she could have no Principle of Religion in her, nor no Seeds of Grace, for those Seeds always rise up in a Crop of good Works; whereas she was not in a Capacity of any saving Works, as she liv'd void of God's Grace, and consequently of the Principles of Religion; but to say they were deeply rooted, and yet brought no Effect, contradicts our blessed Saviour's own Parable of the Sower, who let his Seed fall upon stony Ground, where it brought forth no Fruit, and wither'd away. But to let this pass: If Mrs. *Roberts* was the only pious Whore King *Charles* kept, it was his Misfortune, who wanted no Sense, *if distinguish'd Sense, according to a certain Divine,*

*would*

*would have brought him to Repentance*; and I will never believe Dr. *Burnet*, that the Prince was ſuch a Fool as to tell the Prince of *Orange* (a Boy of 20 Years of Age) that he himſelf was a Papiſt (*a*).

Nor will I believe the ſaid Doctor (*b*), that *Sharp*, Archbiſhop of St. *Andrews*, was a Man of no Piety, and that it was ſingular in him to burſt out once into this ſeraphick Expreſſion: *My Times are wholly in thy Hand, O thou my God of my Life.* The general Eſteem he liv'd in with all good Men, and even with a great Party of the Doctor's own Presbyterians, the *Reſolutioners*, ought to make us ſuppoſe he had ſome Reputation for Piety, and in an Age when Piety generally came out of the Mouth. His Behaviour before, and at his Death was ſuch as became the moſt primitive Confeſſors and Martyrs. He had been inſtructing his Daughter in the Principles of Religion; and when he came near to a Farmer's Houſe call'd *Magus*, he ſaid, *There lives an ill-natur'd Man; God preſerve us, my Child.* When he found he was purſu'd, he cry'd out, *Lord have Mercy upon me, my poor Child, for I am gone.* When he came out of the Coach he begg'd for ſome Time to pour out his Soul to God, and falling on his Knees, he ſaid, *Lord, forgive them, for I*

(*a*) See p. 273. (*b*) p. 277.

*do. Lord, receive my Spirit.* They ſtruck at his Hands lifted up to Heaven, bleeding with their Wounds, and then cut him down.

This Narrative, and a full Account of the Biſhop, you may ſee from a Pamphlet printed on that Subject in the Year 1723, and call'd, *A true and impartial Account of the Life of the moſt Reverend Father in God Doctor* James Sharp.

And to ſhew a Teſtimony of the Doctor's own concerning the *Scottiſh* Biſhops, whom he perſonally knew, I ſhall for the preſent borrow it from the ſaid Pamphlet, and taken from his Life of Biſhop *Bedell*. "I ſhall not "add much of the Biſhops that have been in "that Church ſince the laſt re-eſtabliſhing of "the Order, but that I have obſerv'd among "the few of them to whom I have the Ho-"nour to be known particularly, as great "and exemplary Things as ever I met with "in all Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, not only the "Practice of the ſtricteſt of all the ancient "Canons, but a Pitch of Virtue and Piety "beyond what can fall under common Imi-"tation, or be made the Meaſure of even "the moſt Angelical Rank of Men, and ſaw "things in them that would look like fair "Ideas than what Men cloth'd with Fleſh "and Blood could grow up to. But of this "I will ſay no more, ſince thoſe who are "concern'd are yet alive, and their Charac-"ter is too ſingular not to make them to be

"as

" as eaſily known if I enlarg'd upon it as if " I nam'd them."

Thus far the Biſhop, when he ſpoke without Prejudice his own calm and impartial Thoughts, could deliver himſelf very well, as indeed he does in this Hiſtory (a), in his Obſervations upon the Act of Supremacy, introduc'd into *Scotland* by the Earl of *Lauderdale* in the Year 1669.

This was a Yoke, tho' eaſily put on by the *Engliſh* in King *Henry* VIIIth's Time; to the *Scotch* it was inſupportable: And the Doctor very well obſerves that *Lauderdale* could do it with no other Deſign, than to put the Church of *Scotland* into the Hands of the Duke.

Whether the Doctor was aware of the Conſequences when he made this Conceſſion, I will not ſay; however, to any conſidering Man it will plainly appear, that when King *James* came to the Poſſeſſion of theſe Kingdoms, arm'd with the Supremacy, he had both Churches in his Hands; and by virtue of that Supremacy he rais'd all thoſe Alarms, ſo terrible and afflicting to his Friends, who wiſh'd him well as a Civil Magiſtrate, but could not bear the Eccleſiaſtical Supremacy in Popiſh Hands.

(a) *See* p. 284.

The Doctor ſays, *Sharp* did not like it, but durſt not oppoſe it, and all the Biſhops preſent voted for it. My Pamphlet concerning Archbiſhop *Sharp*, on the contrary ſays the Biſhops made all the Oppoſition they could; and Archbiſhop *Sharp* arguing zealouſly upon the Point, was interrupted by his Grace from the Throne, thus, *That my Lord Saint* Andrews *would not allow the King's Supremacy in the Terms of the Act, becauſe he ſuppoſed he deſign'd that for himſelf.* I ſuppoſe the good Biſhop deſign'd it for Chriſt, to whom only it belong'd.

In purſuance of this Supremacy *Burnet* was ſuſpended from being Archbiſhop of *Glaſgow*, and *Leighton* made Commendator during the Suſpenſion. But the Archbiſhop was reſtor'd, and *Leighton* came to England.

To leave the *Scottiſh* Affairs, I muſt attend the Doctor back to the *Stuarts*; as he made all the reſt Fools, he has found one a Whore, and that is the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, Daughter to King *Charles* the Firſt. He diſcovers her Intrigues with the King of *France*, with her Brother, with the Marquiſs *de Vardes* and *Treville* and makes her Call upon the laſt mentioned Gallant at the very moment of her Death. From whence did our wiſe Doctor learn theſe Diſcoveries; that with her Brother he had from the Abbot *de Primi*, who wrote concerning that affair, and for the ſame he was put into the

the Baſtile, and the reſt came from a Perſon of Diſtinction, who had it from thoſe who were well inform'd of the Matter; a very hopeful Account to blaſt the Reputation of a poor Lady who came to an unfortunate end, perhaps little deſerving the Fate: we ought in Charity ſo to conclude as ſhe dy'd proteſting her Innocence, and with all the Signs of a chriſtian Reſignation to the Will of God. Her calling out upon *Treville* in a guilty manner, is all of a piece with the Doctor's others Relations.

I could not but ſmile at the Doctor's triple Character of King *James* the Firſt at one time he was a Papiſt in his Heart, But pag. 319. he was an *Arminian* in *England*, and reſolv'd to cruſh them in *Holland*. How ſweetly Contradictions help the Doctor out at a dead Liſt.

The Doctor tells us a moſt remarkable Aſtrological Story of the old Prince of *Orange*, that he ſhould have a Son of a Widow, and die of the Small-Pox in the 25th Year of his Age, which came to paſs; for the Son was born after his Father in the eighth Month with ſeveral Diſadvantages.

The next falls upon King *Charles* the Second in the beginning of his third Book. All was bare-fac'd now at Court, that the Deſign was againſt our civil Laws and Liberties. This the Doctor urges with his uſual confidence, tho' any ſuch Deſign was both impracticable and improbable. But this Introduction

duction paves the Way for uncommon Events, the Popiſh and the *Rye-houſe* Plots, and the Executions of ſeveral of the Doctor's dear Friends, not to mention his own wonderful Eſcape from the Boots.

I leave it to any Man of Senſe how it can be imagin'd that a Prince who lov'd his Eaſe and never diſcover'd any tender Senſe of Religion; who was never obſerv'd to be ſeiz'd with any Fit of Bigotry, ſhould lay a Scheme to embroil himſelf with Meaſures dangerous in themſelves, that muſt neceſſarily caſt him from all his Eaſe and Quiet, to introduce a Religion for which he could as a Man of Senſe have but very little Eſteem; he generally pick'd out the beſt of our Divines for all Poſts in the Church, they had all their Scope of Field Arguments without any Diſcouragement from the Court; the Papiſts ran from 'em in every Engagement, yet the Prince himſelf was ſecretly a Papiſt.

If he was weary with the Contradictions of Parliaments, I believe his Ambition was to ſmooth the Roughneſs of their Ways, rather than to annihilate 'em; he knew ſeveral in the Houſe were equal to the Junto who took off his Father's Head, and the King himſelf was in the greateſt Danger.

Well, but to carry on this Plot of the King againſt himſelf, our dear Doctor takes an Hint ſo very formidable at the firſt View to a Fool or an Aſs, that it cannot but take very well

well with moſt of his Readers, a *French* General was brought over to command the Army.

Here muſt be a plain Reduction of *England*. But the Doctor in a little while ſpoils his own Story, he diſcovers that *Schomberg* was a profeſs'd and a zealous Hugonot, that he always perſuaded King *Charles* to ſide with the Proteſtants abroad; and how cou'd this Man be ſent for over to reduce us to Popery and Slavery?

Such poor Stuff as this for a Man of Learning to bring up to blaſt a Prince who had us'd him kindly was unpardonable. He tells us *p.* 356 that upon his writing his Memoirs of Duke *Hamilton*, the King ſent for him, and was very free in Converſation with him, tho' his Book was villanous, and wrote with an ill Deſign.

The Doctor upon cloſeting gave all hopes of being a very good Pimp; the King us'd him like a Gentleman, and ſaid things before him as tho' he did not look upon him as a *Sheldon*, or a very grave Divine; he confeſs'd Adultery was a Sin, he thought God would not damn a Man for ſimple whoring. The Biſhop does not tell us he contradicted him, from whence I conclude they parted very good Friends as to that Notion.

From a Pimp he makes a very good Tranſition to be a Prophet, *p.* 359, and a true one he was indeed as to Fact, if that was all.

He

He told King *James* the Followers of Paſſive Obedience would never want Diſtinctions for a Rebellion upon proper Provocations. I am very ſorry King *James* did not take the Hint, it would have ſav'd him the Inconveniences he fell into, and us a great many more. I commend the Doctor's Sincerity, who wanted not a Diſtinction for his own Uſe, and coul'd help his Neighbours to more.

If unlimited Doctrines will admit of Diſtinctions to elude 'em, a Prince is not ſafe upon the Throne who truſts the Men or their Doctrines; for alaſs! Paſſive Obedience was only the Court Flatttery of that Age, and was taken up for no other View by the Riſing Clergy (as the riſing Ones in all corrupt Ages have ſome particular Marks by which they are known to be living Men to Miniſters of State and Princes.) When you ſee the Scarf and powder'd Wig bruſh into a Chair, when you ſee it at a Lobby or at a great Man's Levee, you may be ſure his Head is like a Turnſtile, he will let his Maſters thro' for a Paſſage over the Liberties of his Country, whenever they pleaſe.

The Sign of Capitulation is given, and he will ſurrender the Keys in a Baſon at a minutes warning.

If King *James* believ'd ſuch Men, and upon that Preſumption touch'd 'em to the quick, he was the moſt impolitick Prince alive; for they

they have feeling in their Fleſh, tho' not in their Conſciences, and their Paſſions ſtir and put on the feign'd Allarms for Religion, when all is huſh and quiet within.

Such was the Doctor himſelf, he had Paſſions to ſtir, and thoſe Paſſions always ſettled in Malice, for no Kindneſs could cure the Ulcers upon his Mind: With what freedom he deals with the Scotiſh Clergy, they were not fit to meet in a Synod, ſo that he makes 'em equivalent to *Hudibraſſes* Bear Garden.

But to ſhew his Ingratitude with his Friend and Benefactor the Duke of *York*, I ſhall give it the Reader from his own words, pag. 371.

When the King ſuſpected our Divine had been working Miſchief in *Scotland*, the Duke of *York* receiv'd him with great Kindneſs and Familiarity; he told the Doctor the King was incenſed againſt him, and was made believe he was the cauſe of Miſchief. The Duke believ'd him more innocent, and offer'd to ſet him right with the King, and carried him to the King who receiv'd him very coldly. Sometime after when the Duke was told the Lord Chamberlain had Orders to ſtrike his Name out of the Liſt of Chaplains, and that the King forbad him the Court, the Duke ſeem'd troubled, and ſpoke to the King about it, yet was he admitted to make his own Juſtification, tho' without Succeſs; and when the King wiſh'd him to go to *Scotland*, he Duke adviſ'd him to ſtay behind, for if

he went an Enemy to Duke *Lauderdale* he would be impriſon'd and lie long enough. And when the Doctor tried for Preferment in *London*, the Duke endeavour'd to prevail with *Lauderdale* to be neuter. And afterwards labour'd a Reconciliation more than once, tho' to no purpoſe.

Thus far the Duke carried an air of Friendſhip, Sweetneſs and Candour, towards this ingrateful Man; but at laſt human Infirmity prevail'd with the Doctor: He is very impartial to his own weakneſs, and diſcovers at once the cauſe of his Diſgrace, and of his future irrecoverable Spleen againſt the Royal Family. Here the Scene opens and diſplays the Man, his naked Thoughts at one view.

For *Lauderdale*, a moſt corrupt Miniſter, in my Opinion, having thus declar'd open War againſt *Burnet*. The Doctor to be reveng'd, drops out ſome Expreſſions, that he knew of ſome wicked Deſigns of *Lauderdales*; that is, he knew ſome Secrets of his, whisper'd to him in the Boſom of Friendſhip. The Houſe of Commons falling upon *Lauderdale*, the Doctor was carried, threatned and examin'd by a Committee, about theſe Secrets and wicked Deſigns. He ſhuffled, pretended to know more than he really did; and by this artificially contriv'd Diſcovery of Part, he made himſelf very neceſſary and conſiderable to *Lauderdale's* Enemies. His Diſcoveries were of the ſame Nature

Nature with Sir *Henry Vanes* of my Lord *Strafford*, of arming *Iriſh* Papiſts to cut Proteſtants Throats, and bringing in a *Scotch* Army to ſubdue *England*. The Temper was then hot enough to ripen this crude Evidence, and the Doctor for his Breach of Truſt, Honour and Friendſhip was intirely caſt off by the Duke. And I obſerve he does not acquit himſelf from the Imputation of Treachery. It may be pardonable now to obſerve here was very little room for Spleen and Animoſity ſo deeply rooted againſt the *Stuarts*. They ſhar'd the common Fate of Princes to be led by corrupt Miniſters in their turns. It is the *European* Cuſtom, and few Princes, if any, have eſcap'd the Witchcraft of this Circle. But why ſhould the Doctor arm himſelf againſt 'em as the Monſters of Mankind; it is too much to ſpeak in Heat, but in cool Blood it is not to be forgiven. To ſum up their Characters, he makes both the Brothers cruel to the laſt, and ſo wicked as to burn the City of *London*, and afterwards to lay a Scheme to ſell three Kingdoms to *France* for a Penſion to ſupport their Ends. The eldeſt was ſometimes like *Nero*, and ſometimes like *Tiberius*; and the laſt would have burnt the whole Nation, beſides another Bite he had in Store to perpetuate our Miſeries after he was dead. If half of this was true, every *Roman* Breaſt would be ſtirr'd up againſt their

Aſhes; yet all is Scandal upon the Princes who lov'd and carreſs'd him, till he was a proſtituted Informer, and after that Footmen would ſhun his Company.

He inſinuates, pag. 389. That King *Charles* took Bribes from the *French* King; whereas he knows this was a common Practice, if we may believe *Comines* in former Ages. The Doctor calls 'em Bribes, others leſs Prejudiced, Penſions; but if the antient Scripture word *Tribute* was call'd in, it would not be worſe. The Word Bribe is a Low, and mean Word with Princes, with whom it is an Honour to take Money for Peace. The King of *France* was therefore properly a Tributary to the King of *England*.

Indeed the Doctor repreſents him ſo low as to be an under-ſtrapping Privateer, that he ſold our *Engliſh* Merchants Ships to the *French*, and one, that in all probability by miſtake was his Brothers. This was a very low Trade for a Monarch.

But, alas! the Story tells poorly, and amounts to no more in Effect, than that the King was impos'd upon, and made to believe the Ship was really *Dutch*; but when he was better inform'd, he took effectual Care it ſhould be diſcharg'd, by Orders reinforç'd to General *Lockhart* his Ambaſſador there.

Let us return to a new Character, pag. 392. I ſhall not meddle with the Doctor about

*Compton's*

*Compton*'s Character: But *Sancroft* is come off from the Engagement much ſhatter'd. I have had ſeveral Opportunities of enquiring into the Character of that Prelate, and the Doctor is too Leſſening and injurious to him; he was ſo far from being monaſtick or abſtracted, that he was popular in his See, ador'd by all that knew him, and equally lov'd upon his Receſs; and we know Popularity never in this Age attends an abſtracted Life. The Doctor ſays, few lov'd him; in this he contradicts the common Experience of the Age in which he liv'd: And as to Hoſpitality he exceeded moſt of the Biſhops before him, as I have the Teſtimony of thoſe who knew the Affairs of the Archbiſhop's Exactneſs and few have ſince come up to his.

But whom will not envy, blaſt; the great, the virtuous are not ſhelter'd by their Merit from the Poiſon of a malicious Tongue. The glorious Martyr *Sharp*, pag. 113. is brought upon the Stage as a perjur'd Perſon who ſwore away *Mitchel*'s Life, who ſhot the Biſhop of *Orkney*, and *Mitchel* againſt all Juſtice, was hang'd upon his Evidence.

I ſhall extract a few Paſſages from the above mention'd Pamphlet and Archbiſhop *Sharp*'s Life to clear the Prelate at leaſt. The Oath the Biſhop ſwore, was to this purpoſe, *That he was aware of* Mitchels *paſſing from the Coach and croſſing the Street, which had ſuch an Impreſſion upon him, that the firſt*

*ſight*

*ſight he ſaw of him after he was taken, he knew him to be the Perſon who ſhot the Shot.* The other part of the Oath was ſwore to by ſeveral Privy Counſellours of known Honour and Integrity, *viz. That he heard* Mitchel *own to the Privy Council his Confeſſion made to the Committee, and that he heard him at the Bar renew the ſame, and that there was no aſſurance of Life then or there given him, or ſo much as deſir'd by him.*

When *Sharp* had this *Mitchel* ſeiz'd, he had two Piſtols about him, and only wanted an opportunity to renew the Attempt.

The Doctor ſays, the Primate promis'd the Wretch his Pardon by a Friend if he would confeſs. It does not appear who this Friend was; and the Archbiſhop's clear and diſtinct Oath to the contrary ought to go, and beyond the Teſtimony of ſuch a Wretch. Surely after an Attempt of this nature, the Archbiſhop may be allow'd to be really in danger of his Life; and I think the Sequel might have prevented the Doctor's Reflecting when we conſider how tragical it was.

I could not but ſmile at the Doctor's bringing in *Tillotſon* into a Share of the Popiſh Plot, *p.* 431. he was acquainted with *Langhorn*'s Wife, who was a zealous Proteſtant; ſhe came oft to the Doctor, and made all her Diſcoveries to him (an hopeful Proſpect for the Husband) ſhe wheedled her Son into a Confeſſion of the Popiſh Plot, who own'd

own'd the Deſigns were laid for infallible Succeſs, and that his Father would be one of the greateſt Men in *England*, for he ſaw a Commiſſion from the Pope conſtituting him Advocate-General, I ſay, if this is true, what a villainous Correſpondence muſt *Tillotſon* keep with this Woman?

I ſhall put into the ſame Liſt the ſly Inſinuations againſt Queen *Katherine*. *Oats*'s Depoſition was ridicul'd by all the World, and *Bedlow*'s was worſe; and to fortify this ridiculous Surmiſe, at the time Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey* was kill'd the Queen was retir'd; ſuch Stuff is very mean to produce to blaſt the Lady, but the Doctor does not write for the Inſtruction of this Age, but to poiſon the Mob in the next.

During this Stir with the Popiſh Plot, the Parliament, to ſhew their Watchfulneſs for Power and Dominion, paſs'd a Bill for raiſing all the Militia, and for keeping it together, till Monarchy ſhould be no more. Theſe wiſe Commonwealths-Men knew very well how to improve a ſham Plot into a real one, and under the Colour of a Popiſh Plot they would have introduc'd a Presbyterian Rebellion. The King with all his Deſigns to reduce the Nation, would not ſuffer his Parliament to take the Field againſt him again, and refus'd to paſs the Bill; this was a groſs Step, for if Kings will not be Changelings,

lings, how ſhall we come at Liberty, and be a free People?

I could not but ſmile to find after the famous Breach mended, Dr. *Burnet* and King *Charles* Friends again, and the tender Words that paſs'd concerning the Queen; for as much like *Tiberius* as he was, the King hated a baſe Action, he thought it an horrid thing to abandon her, becauſe he look'd on Falſehood and Cruelty as the greateſt Crimes in the Sight of God, *p.* 438. yet in another place he ſays King *Charles* had no Tenderneſs in him; ſo the Doctor parted with Proteſtations that he would diſcover all Conſpiracies he knew againſt him or his Government; if he had been ſincere the Boots would not have been ſo terrible in *Scotland*; and he confeſſes afterwards he heard the Secrets and Tendencies towards Plots, but always ſhut his Ears when he had heard what he could, that he might not be under an Obligation of telling more than he knew.

The Debates concerning the Bill of Excluſion, and the Schemes for a Limitation of the Duke's Power when he ſhould aſcend the Throne, are Topicks of a very curious Nature. The Juſtice of the Bill in general has been diſtinguiſh'd away by ſome Caſuiſts, who tho' compell'd to allow the due Force to the legiſlative Authority of the Nation, yet cry out *Summum jus eſt ſumma injuria.* But concerning this others have determin'd before

fore me. But as to the Limitation Scheme, the Lords *Eſſex* and *Halliſax* drove to the ſame End with the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, but with more Prudence; for if they had plac'd the Publick Money and the Power of Peace and War in the Houſes of Parliament, and had given that Parliament a Power of Self-ſubſiſtence, the new Popiſh King's Reign would not have been of longer Duration than the Protector *Richard*'s; eſpecially if the Country had ſent up Republican Members, heated with a Popiſh Plot, and deaf as to a Presbyterian one; but above all, the King ſhould have had the Eccleſiaſtical Power in his own Hands, for the Miſchief his Zeal would have done therewith had ended in the Extirpation of Monarchy; ſo far *Shaftsbury* did not ſee, nor the other Lords, when they propos'd the Scheme; but the Event has prov'd it as to one Part, with this difference, that a ſingle Perſon ſtept in, where a Commonwealth would have fill'd up, and all the Labours of theſe deep Men fell to the Ground.

A great Debate happen'd during this wiſe Parliament, (who knew no Heat but againſt Popery, no Loyalty but to themſelves, and no Hatred but to Biſhops;) whether the Biſhops ſhould withdraw from the Debates concerning the Earl of *Danby*'s Pardon? That the Biſhops ſhould not vote in caſe of Blood, proceeds rather from Cuſtom and Decency,

than want of Right; but to exclude them from voting in Caſes of Liberty, and the King's Prerogative, could enter only into the Thoughts of a Set of Men who would extirpate 'em Root and Branch with a proper Opportunity.

The Doctor, *p.* 461. laments the ſad Heat of the Times, but of the Clergy more particularly; only to cool the Flame, ſays he, there were theſe following Divines, *Tenniſon*, *Sharp*, *Patrick*, *Fowler*, *Scot*, *Calamy*, *Claget*, *Cudworth*, the two *Mores*, *Williams*, &c.

As to *Tenniſon*, he was like ſcalding Lead, and fell into your Shoes and burnt, when he could not affect the Head. *Sharp* was the beſt of the Number, but ſo wide from the Doctor, that for 26 Years together Blood or no Blood? They never voted together. *Patrick* wrote the ſharpeſt Book againſt the Diſſenters that ever was penn'd. *Sherlock* hated your whole Party, till his Wife converted him. Before the Revolution *Scot* was as warm as the reſt, as you may gueſs by this one Expreſſion, *Rebellion will nauſeate the Conſcience of a Devil.* Why then are theſe Men brought upon the Stage? The greateſt Number hated the Doctor and his Principles; but this is done to carry the Reader off from caſting his Eye on the Biſhops of that Age, with whom the Doctor declares eternal Hatred and immortal War, but the greateſt Enemy

was

was Archbiſhop *Sharp*; and when he comes to relate the Murder, he is as partial as in his other Stories above concerning that Prelate. His Account is thus, *p.* 470.

" A Party of furious Men were riding thro' " a Moor near St. *Andrews*, they ſaw the " Archbiſhop's Coach appear; he had ſent " his Servant off upon Complements or " home before: The Enthuſiaſts ſeeing this " concluded God had put him into their " hands; ſeven made up to the Coach, while " the reſt at ſcout were riding about the " Moor: One of them fir'd a Piſtol at him, " which burnt his Coat and Gown, but did " not go into his Body. Upon this they fan- " cied he had a magical Secret to ſecure him- " ſelf againſt a Shot. They drew him out " of his Coach and murdered him barba- " rouſly, repeating their Strokes till they " were ſure he was dead, no body happen- " ing to go croſs the Moor all the while. Thus far he.

The Partiality in this Relation is notorious: For, firſt he makes it an accidental Rancounter. The Subſtance of the Depoſitions ſent to the Privy Council from St. *Andrews*, are in the ſaid Life of Archbiſhop *Sharp*, and amount to this: His Grace was way-lay'd by diverſe Parties, ſo that whether he had gone ſtrait to St. *Andrews*, or repair'd to his Houſe of *Scotsſcraig* he could not eſcape them. It was alſo depon'd, that the nine who commit-

ted the Murther were the night before at a Country place calld *Hurleswind*, and that one of them, with *Andrew Turnbull*, Tenant to *Broomhall*, (who had croſs'd the Water the ſame Tide with his Grace) came to *Kennoway* about midnight, and inquir'd if my Lord of St. *Andrews* was lodg'd at Captain *Seton's*, and being told that he was, he preſently return'd to the reſt. That on the Morning of the third of *May* they were ſeen on *Face's* Muir, and intended to have attack'd the Coach on the Heath, to the South of *Ceres*, where it ſeems they were in ſome confuſion; for *Rathillet's* Horſe ran from him, and he was taken and given back to him by the Gardiner of *Struther*. *John Balfour*, with one more entred ſo far into the Town of *Ceres* in purſuit of the Coach, that by miſtake he rode to the Miniſter's Gate and retir'd, having the Coach ſtill in view they kept half a Mile to the South thereof., till they came to *Kinninmouth*, and then they came quickly down from that Height and gallop'd thro' a little Valley call'd *Ladeddi Limnkilrs*, having the top of the Coach in view, with a deſign to commit the Murther at the double Dykes of *Magask*.

In another Information we are told, that *May* the firſt they had a Meeting at *Miller's* Houſe in *Magask*, where they conſulted the Buſineſs. The next night they lodg'd at *Robert Black's* in *Baldinny*, whoſe Wife was a great

great Inſtigator of the Fact; at parting one of them kiſs'd her, and ſhe pray'd that God might bleſs them, adding theſe words, *If* Long Leſlie (*viz.* the Miniſter of *Ceres*) *be with him lay him on the Green alſo.* To which the Ruffian anſwered, holding up his Hand, *There is the Hand that ſhall do it. Andrew Turnbull* before mention'd encouraged them in the Fact, by telling them all the Weſt was in Arms already.

There is likewiſe a Copy of a Paper dropt at *Cowper* in *Fife*, before the Murther of the Archbiſhop, in which he was plainly mark'd out and threatned there; and King *Charles* took notice of the ſame in his Anſwer to the Privy Council.

A common diſtich paſs'd amongſt thoſe Saints for a Propheſy.

*If* Sharp *do die the common Death of Men,*
*I'll burn my Books and throw away my Pen.*

By this time there is no room to diſpute the Deſign was laid before hand with Malice nough: let us go thro' with the Doctor's Narrative. One ſays, he fir'd a Piſtol at him, and burnt his Coat and Gown; upon this they thought he was invulnerable and drag'd him out of the Coach. Now by the Declaration of the Phyſitians and Chyrurgions it appears,

appears, that the Shot did enter, two or three Inches below the right Clavicle, betwixt the ſecond and third Rib, and he was run thro' the Kidneys with a ſmall Sword. Moreover, they did not drag him out of the Coach, for he ſtep'd out, and gave up the Ghoſt after ſeveral barbarous Cuts upon the Ground. It is moreover falſe, that his Servants were all out of the way, and ſent upon Errands; for one was wounded by a Sword, and the reſt were diſarm'd. Moreover, the Doctor ſays not one word of their Robbery, as well as the Murther and riffling his and his Daughters Pockets. I ſuppoſe they thought the Money too was the Gift of Providence, and came graciouſly in the way to ſupply their Wants. Theſe were true Field-meeting Principles, ſuch as encouraged a Week after a Party of the Conventiclers in an open Rebellion at *Glaſcow*.

But to leave this melancholy Story, I ſhall return to the Affairs of *England*. The Year 1680 brought a Set of Men into the Houſe of Commons, who were ſent by the People under the notion of preſerving Liberty and Property: But as they officiouſly thruſt themſelves on, their Integrity was the more to be ſuſpected; nor did any Set of Men for the time run on with ſuch violence over the Liberties of a People, which they were pretendedly ſent to take care of; and if the Houſe

of

of Lords had not moderated their Fury, they would have hang'd a poor Judge for not hanging enough innocent Men. The Bill of Exclusion met with no Hesitation in those Walls; and we may easily guess they lov'd one Brother as well as the other: They made nothing of calling as good Protestants as themselves Papists, as knowing no Damages for Scandal could be had from that House. They set up, indeed, the Liberty of the Mob to Petition, because that Practice had met with very good Success in their own memories. And they purg'd their House of all Antipetitioners and distastful Persons with an air of Insolence very fortunate to the Expell'd, who made their Fortunes by the Change. Of this the Doctor very much complains, pag. 484. as he does that the *Habeas Corpus* Act was carried in the former Parliament in the House of Lords, by reckoning ten for one fat Man: This I leave to any one to believe who pleases. Well, this House proceeded so far, they imprison'd whom they pleas'd; for which even the Doctor questions their Power. The Judges were afraid to allow the Benefit of the *Habeas Corpus*, those who is fell under their Power, so that the Liberty of the Nation was admirably well secur'd by these Patriots.

Then the Association by which they ingag'd to knock the Papist's Brains out if the Republicans murther'd the King, was an hope-

hopeful State, to those who wish'd to live quiet in their Beds, and studied the Tranquility of their Lives; and a Party of Men, ill enough inclind had a Pardon to murther the King whenever it should be in their way.

But for want of such as the Duke of *York*, was then too green to burn; a poor, weak, silly Lord, was hunted down for the Plot; and being sworn out of Breath by three stanch Witnesses, fell just such a Sacrifice as a wither'd Oak upon the Plain, born down by a Tempest. I dare say no Lord in that Assembly, where he stood formally arraign'd, believ'd him guilty, and King *Charles* flung him like a Bow in their way to stop their Fury from devouring himself and his House.

All the three Witnesses were prov'd perjur'd at the Trial, and yet the Doctor speaks with such coolness of that poor Lords Case, as tho' he had either not read the Trial, or had wilfully omitted to do him justice.

Here it was prov'd Doctor *Oates* swore *Don John* was a tall black Man; but this was unaccountable before the Council, tho' King *Charles* personally knew *Don John* to be a little round Man.

The King sick of those Doings, and finding at that Season Parliaments necessary and dangerous at the same time, he was resolv'd to move the Firebrand from the Fewel, and to call a new Parliament at *Oxford*.

At

At this time *Burnet* confesses he was laying Schemes to make the Prince of *Orange* Protector. He forgot his old Engagements and past Friendship, and was putting a slavering Bibb upon a grown Man in his full Senses, and respected by all Europe; the Duke was too old to commence a Lunatick, however the Doctor found this Expedient for the good of all Parties.

It would be a pretty sight to see a stalking King without Power, Sense or Prerogative dress'd up for a Show, and turn'd into a Changling, with as much Sense and Spirit as his Protector. At the bottom how would the *Dutch* laugh to see the Admiral that beat 'em turn'd into a Fool? A King has but two ways left for his Honour, after he has lost his Power; First to get into Exile, where he will find his Dominions very narrow and precarious, but his Subjects obedient, and there he reigns with the feeble Reflection of a Glow Worms Light; or to his Grave, where if he lies down with Honour after the Oppressures of Fortune, he will be pitied but not laugh'd at.

King *Charles* who car'd neither to make the Duke or him Tools to such a Party, with great Prudence dissolv'd this *Oxford* Parliament with a Blast as quick as Gun-powder, before their standing Army they brought with them could be drawn up or led on to knock their King on the head. If he had

parted with his Prerogative he had been in a fine condition.

This was the *Coup de foudre* Blow all that time to the Republican Schemes. Our Doctor retir'd to his Studies of Philoſophy, Chymiſtry and Algebra, for poor Man he had done no wickedneſs, and the Expedient of making the Prince of *Orange* Protector could mean no harm to the Duke.

Yet was the Doctor made the common Subject of Raillery. Poor Man his Character never could be fully clear'd till he retir'd to more cloſe Studies in *Holland* and came back to *Sarum*.

He was brought to Court once more by the Lord *Halliſax*, with an extraordinary Acceſſion of Complements, as tho' the preſumtive Heir of the Crown was return'd from Exile, but Favour was ſo ſlippery at that time he could not hold it.

In ſhort no Obligation could either ſincerely win the Man or make him a fair Enemy. The Plotters againſt the King were then ſo bare-fac'd, the Children could point 'em out in the Streets, yet to them the Doctor would adhere. But I do not remember he ever made good his Promiſe to divulge their Secrets, ſo that upon the whole his Spleen got the Aſcendant of his Ambition, Preferments were not half ſo attractive as his Spite.

He would impoſe upon Poſterity to make 'em believe my Lord *Shafteſbury*, a perfectly

inno-

Innocent Man, who perhaps had as much Guilt upon his Shoulder, as any diſcarded Miniſter ever had; to omit his tampering with the popiſh Plot. His ſhare in all the Miſchiefs of that Age are but too viſible to this preſent Day.

Well, the Doctor to repreſent the Innocence of that Lord, acquaints us he was a Fool. That he had an extravagant way of talking without guard, v. pag. 508. I believe no Perſon alive who flouriſh'd in that Reign, will allow my Lord *Shaftsbury* to be a Fool or a Babler, his Thoughts ran very deep; and as ſilent as the River *Lethe*, if he could forget the Aſſociation found in his Study. This was no leſs than an actual Declaration of War: They there engage to diſband the King's Forces under his Pay; to give a Command to deſtroy the preſumtive Heir of the Kingdom and his Adherents; to obey the Orders of the preſent Parliament and their Officers: And all this they promiſe under pain of being proſecuted as perjur'd Perſons and Enemies to God.

This was a ſharp Prelude, of a Return of the Troubles we had but juſt before eſcap'd of an Uſurpation. This was a little Crime with the Doctor who wanted to ſee theſe Days again.

When we come to the Matters of Fact; the Doctor tells us, that *Wilkinſon* a Priſo-

ner for Debt was ſolicited to be an Evidence againſt him. The Levity of this Objection is not worth inſiſting upon, becauſe the Man's Honour might be above his Misfortunes, tho' few Evidences can be ſuppos'd to have a clear and untainted Character; for if we inſiſt upon that Nicety, no Plots can ever be diſcover'd. However we find of him that he was a *Yorkſhire* Gentleman, an old Royaliſt who had ſerv'd the King and his Father in the War, and had been ingratefully us'd, upon which he commenc'd a Male Content: And my Lord *Shaftsbury* who knew how to work up all Paſſions and Humours, engag'd him on his ſide to eſtabliſh a Commonwealth.

*Booth* ſwore poſitively to a Diſcourſe with that Lord, that *Wilkinſon* was to command 50 Men to go to *Oxford:* That *Booth* was to be provided and arm'd to bring the King to *London*, and ſettle their own Schemes, if the reſt were Perſons of little Credit, one Evidence of the Aſſociation and *Booths* were ſufficient to induce any Jury to find the Bill who had not ſcar'd Conſciences.

However it is no wonder to find our Doctor loading the *Stuarts* with all his Weight of incredible Lies. The Duke of *York* he ſays ſtruck upon a Sand in the *Glocester* Frigate; he took only on Board his Dogs and a few unknown Perſons ſuppos'd to be Prieſts, tho' the Boat would have held eighty more. Yet there are ſome alive who were on

Board

Board with the Duke, and ſome of Quality whoſe Fathers were on Board, and give a quite different account of this.

This Falſhood is ſo dazzling, that a common Sailor at *Wapping* ſwore the other day the Lie was as great as ever he heard in all his Voyages.

Nor is it of much leſs ſize, that the Duke of *York* gave the firſt Riſe to Men of Debauched Principles in *Scotland:* For I can never believe the Presbyterian Miniſters, who inſulted their Kings and Princes for ſo many Generations together, and brought ſome to untimely Graves were better admitting this was true. Their ſupercilious Pride, their profanation of Scripture Phraſes, and their Sobriety ſhall not protect 'em from Cenſure; for if they *can't* Scripture, and neglect the plain and evident precepts of Obedience to their Princes; if they drank Water all their lives, and wore Sackcloth upon their backs, I will believe neither their Religion nor their holy Grimace. And therefore we may ſett the ſober Debauchees againſt the wild ones in a proper light.

When the Doctor comes to the *Rye* Houſe Plot, a Plot of the Doctors own Friends, he mumbles it as the Aſs does thiſtles. The Conſultation he cannot deny; but he poſitively inſiſts upon it, that the Plot never ripen'd into Action, and the miraculous Eſcape of the King by the Fire breaking out

in

in *New Market*, he touches very lightly upon, tho' it was the common Cry of the Nation, and very well known by himself at that time.

The Reader must observe, that when Parliaments were not able to do the Business of a thorough Subversion of Monarchy, the Whigs were resolv'd to have recourse to violent Measures, upon their own Strength in the City and Kingdom: How mad these Projects were in a Nation far from being unanimous in the Defection, I need not say. However this does not affect the credibility of the Relation, for some Men are hurried often by a precipitate Fate to their own Ruin, so these Gentlemen form'd themselves into a Council of Six, which appear'd afterwards not to be form'd to carry on any peaceful Designs.

The Witnesses in this Plot were Persons who excepting their being in the Plot, were without exception, I mean as Evidences.

*West* was a Creature of my Lord *Shaftsbury's*, and trusted by him in the most Important Secrets of their dark Designs. *Ramsey* had been an Officer in *Oliver Cromwel's* Army, and ill principled enough to come into any Measures to destroy the Royal Family, yet compunction stir'd up Repentance in even these Men, tho' the Doctor calls it Romantick and Ridiculous, yet they were neither Fools, nor did they want corroborating Evidences to every thing

there

there ſaid. *Keeling* was another an hot fiery Anabaptiſt, who mix'd in all the Whig Diviſions of the City, and was in Principle intirely theirs; his Brother the Doctor own'd to be a Man of probity, and he join'd in the Evidence with him.

*Weſt*'s and *Rumſey*'s Narratives are expreſs as to the Day on which it was to be executed, even that very Day on which the King intended to return from *New Market*. This the Doctor calls amazing. It is true, it was amazingly impious, but not amazingly improbable. I have ſeen the *Rye* Houſe my ſelf, and I think a more unlucky place could not have been pitch'd upon: For the Houſe like a Citadel commands the Road which is a narrow Paſs, and the Miſchief might have been done without any preparation of Horſes and Men. The Doctor calls it an Houſe upon an Heath, in which he either betrays his Ignorance, or his want of Probity; for the Situation of the Countrey was ſuch, as to afford Cover enough for Men to have made their Eſcapes.

'Tis time now for the Doctor to refreſh himſelf with a few foreign Lies. He travels into *France*; he was ſo intimately acquainted with the Duke of *Montauſier*, Tutor to the Dauphine, as to get out the Secret from him, that his Pupil was a Blockhead. The Doctor was careſs'd at Court, and the King of *France* order'd his Coaches to wait upon him

him. He cannot give an account of the surprizing Civilities he met with: But he gives an hint, that the King of *France* was ambitious, as he was a writer of History, to get him over to his side. But the Doctor was all cool; he refus'd a Pension and an Audience of the King, because he cou'd not have the Honour to be presented by the Minister of *England*. This is a *Spanish* Air; yet he omits to tell us, that he did write a Book in Defence of the King of *France*'s Regale, and receiv'd a Pension for the same, *as I am credibly inform'd by those who had it from others*. However he speaks of himself here as a Person on whom the Eyes of all Europe were fix'd, as well as his own upon himself; he even stretch'd the Punctilio of Honour: For in the King of *France*'s Dominions, he might have waited upon that Monarch at his desired Instance, whose Power was great enough to shew him the Bastile.

Marshal *Bellefonds*, out of respect to the Doctor's Character, carried him to the King of *France*'s Whore, in order to convert him to Popery, and the Marshal went between 'em both, an Errand with no more Ceremony than a Laquais. I hope the Doctor's Ghost will not be offended if I desire to be excus'd from believing this. I have seen something of the *French* Court, but never observ'd their Marshals so humble, as to attend the Preacher at the Rolls like Footmen. Sure-

ly

ly no Man ever convers'd ſo much as the Doctor with antiquated Whores; he takes particular care to give 'em a fair Character for Heaven: He does the ſame Service for tatter'd Beaus and decay'd Whore Maſters. *Treville* who lay with the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* retir'd from the World upon her being poiſon'd, and became a great Devotee, and had a true Senſe of Religion, v. pag. 566.

Let us leave *France*, and take a View of our *Engliſh* Affairs, and the Doctor's Character again. There *Jefferys*, he ſays, was made Lord Chief Juſtice, tho' always drunk: He was not at all learned in his Profeſſion, and his Eloquence, tho' copious, was very vicious. As for Drunkenneſs, that's an epidemical Vice the Doctor fixes upon Biſhops, Prieſts and Laymen, who have not the ſober way of doing Miſchief, and therefore it is no Scandal. As to the reſt, there are many now alive who remember *Jefferys* to have fill'd all Poſts, except the Weſtern, very well. And I am told, he has not been outſhone by any of his Succeſſors to this Day, whether Lord Chief Juſtices or Lord Chancellors. If *Jefferys* was always drunk in his Temper, I deſire to know what *Algernoon Sidney* was, who the Doctor ſays, ſet up *Marcus Brutus* for his Pattern.

I am very ſenſible ſome People are very fond of making our Diviſions of Whig and

Tory, a Roman Quarrel. Perhaps this Miſtake has done our Country and our Kings no good; for a few claſſick Words have done as much Miſchief as the Cant of Enthuſiaſm. The firſt has taken only weaker Heads, and the Mob, and the latter has ſpread like an Infection amongſt our Gentry; for if you can once point out your King to be a Tyrant, call your own Schemes your Countries Cauſe, you may ſoon ſet up ſuch a *Marcus Brutus* as *Sidney* was: Whereas, in my Opinion the Quarrel is upon a different Foot, as wide as Eſtabliſhment and Innovation are.

For *Brutus* was certainly a Friend to his Country, tho' an Enemy to himſelf, and to Morality and Humanity in deſtroying that Uſurper *Cæſar*, who really invaded the eſtabliſh'd Laws of his Country, in bringing the Senate's Servants, their Slaves, the Army againſt their Walls.

'Tis true, the Faction endeavour'd to fix the the Character of Tyranny upon King *Charles*, whereas he was never One, except in their Hands and in their Power who compel'd him, when the Whigs were ſtrong enough to tye down our Princes by Force or awe them with Terror, innocent Blood was plentifully ſhed from the Veins of unhappy People, otherwiſe the *Stuarts* were generally very paſſive in revenging Injuries done to themſelves, except one, who in endeavouring to make Reſentment,

ſentment, keep up to the Mark of Provocation, burſt the Banks, and let in an Inundation fatal to his Family.

For my part, I cannot believe King *Charles* was a Papiſt from the fooliſh Stories the Doctor relates, that it was expected in *France* he would ſoon declare himſelf a Papiſt, becauſe they might have that Report from ſanguine Fools, the Archbiſhop of *Rheims* might be equally credulous as the reſt, and the King of *France* might ſpread the Jealouſie on purpoſe. (*a*)

The Doctor proceeds to a fooliſh Story of a Scheme the King had to reſtore the Duke of *Monmouth*, and to baniſh the Duke of *York*, upon which he fell ill, and immediately dy'd with the ſuſpicion of Poiſon. I know this old Wive's Story without any Foundation, (which the Doctor own'd he had from a Pimp) is introduc'd to blaſt the Duke. I can never believe the King was introducing Faction again, after he was ſo happily got rid thereof, nor bringing in *Rye* Houſe Plotters to ſettle the Tranquility of his Throne: If he had been ſo inclin'd, Why does the Doctor characteriſe him ſo ſeverely. (*b*) *He loſt the Battle of* Worceſter *with too much indifference.* A Friend would have call'd it

(*a*) *See* p. 603. p. 611.

heroick Patience in the deepeſt plunge of Misfortunes. *He ſhew'd after the Battle too much care of his Perſon.* The Doctor was ſorry he was not brought up to the Banquetting Houſe at *White-hall* for a Breakfaſt for *Oliver Cromwel.* I wiſh the Doctor had inform'd us where the utmoſt Courage cou'd have retriev'd the Affair, or how his Perſon cou'd ſooner have been convey'd away. This the Doctor ſays to blind the remarkable Steps of Providence in that Affair. Theſe Whigs wou'd have the *Stuarts* all die upon their Stumps. What a Coward was King *Charles* for running at *Worceſter*, King *James* from *Salisbury*, &c. and King *David* from his Son *Abſolom*: *Under all his Apprehenſions he ſhewd a Temper turn'd to Levity.* In ſhort, according to this, he was an Idiot, afraid without having Senſe to be fearful: Wou'd the Doctor have had the King put on the Majeſty of a Monarch in winding up the Jack, or behave himſelf with a Cavalcade Air behind Mrs. *Lane? He forgot all alike to whom he was oblig'd.* This is falſe in Fact; Mrs. *Lane* was a Favourite after the Reſtoration, and the *Pendrels* had Penſions ſettled upon 'em which are continued to this time. I am credibly inform'd, by thoſe who had it from others, that the King brought after that Eſcape to *Rouen* not above ten Sols, that an *Engliſh* Merchant there furniſh'd him with

10000 *l.*

10000 *l.* That this Merchant was ſtrictly paid upon the Reſtoration, with as much gratitude as Heart cou'd wiſh, and the Family now remains with great Reputation and Figure at *Rouen.*

The Doctor gives a very odd turn to the Pleaſantneſs of King *Charles*'s Temper, as tho' he had no Senſe of Misfortunes, till he was pinch'd for want, and then he was ready to pawn his Titles to *Oliver* for a Penſion. This is a common and mobbiſh Story, where do the Overtures for that purpoſe appear? if they cou'd not find place in the Doctor's Hiſtory, they cou'd be no where. I wonder he did not prepare a more formal Story for this purpoſe.

To conclude that Prince's Character, the Doctor ſays, he had no tenderneſs in his Nature, he was nurs'd in Blood, and was like *Tiberius* for Cruelty and Diſſimulation. The Blood that he ſhed, as it is commonly aſcrib'd to him, was like *Thieves* cutting a Man's Throat, and making him hold the Baſon. The Cruelties of the Popiſh Plot were abhorrent to his Nature, and his Executions for that *Rye* Houſe were juſt, neceſſary, and few. The Lord *Ruſſel* ſeem'd to be the moſt lamented, who was a hot, proud, bigotted Presbyterian, and under the Shew of Zeal againſt Popery, had an immortal Hatred againſt the Royal Family. If King *Charles* had any Cruelty, it was dry Cruelty, ingratitude

titude to his Friends; for if a Man has no tender Sentiments of good Offices he is cruel, and the Doctor has as little of that tenderneſs as King *Charles* had. He owns, *p.* 618. his vaſt Obligations to the Duke of *York*; he promiſes not to load his Reign; how well he performs, we ſhall ſoon ſee.

The Character the Doctor owns King *James* had from *Turenne*, is enough to prove he was a Prince capable of War; and this is as far as *Machiavel* goes. The preſent C'zar in his Letters to his unhappy Son obſerves, that Peace often makes a Nation more happy than War, yet a Prince ought to be capable of both, and if he has not perſonal Strength, he ought to have perſonal Courage: But at this time, a Nation pamper'd with Luxury and Eaſe, was juſt upon the Secret of fighting for Glory and for Allies, and they expected a Prince ſhould open at his firſt Speech, for a War, to make the Nation ſecure.

King *James*, however unfortunate in other Reſpects, was ſo wiſe as to keep from a War, tho' prepar'd for one, till he cou'd penetrate what the *German* and *Dutch* Allies drove at, and perhaps deferr'd his Aſſiſtance to ſee whether they wou'd ſwim or ſink without him. This was call'd a ſtrict Alliance with *France* to betray Europe into their Hands, yet King *James* evidently ſunk becauſe he wou'd not admit *French* Forces afterwards into his King-

dom,

dom. His Wisdom here was beyond Dispute, and if all his Conduct had been equally prudent, it wou'd not have been the worse for this Nation.

So far the King came to the Throne with a fine Prospect, but we may with the Lady *Winchelsea* say.

*How Gayly is at first begun.*
*Our Lives uncertain Race,*
*Which yet that Morning Sun,*
*With which we first set out to run,*
*Enlightens all the Place.*

Yet, tho' he began with Spirit, and promis'd all the foreign Ministers to maintain the Ballance of Europe, and order'd *Churchhill* when sent Ambassadour into *France* to omit no State or Ceremony, yet this was all Grimace; for we have it from Mr. *Ward* in the *Inner Temple Lane*, who had it from the Doctor's Executors who had it from the Doctor, who had it from *Rovigny*, a *French* Hugonot, who had it from *Villeroy* a *French* Papist, who had it from the *French* King, that he shou'd say, King *James* wou'd take his Money as well as his Brother had done: Yet if this is so, I have set it before in a true Light. It is better to take Money for a safe and honourable Peace, than to expend it upon a fruitless War.

Upon

Upon this Prince's Acceſſion, a Parliament was call'd, or extracted rather from the People's Inclinations; they expreſs'd the Senſe, the Joy and Loyalty of a brave Nation, freed from Deluſion, and intire Friends of their Country. The Doctor, *pag.* 628. makes great clamour concerning the Violences us'd, and that it was a pack'd Parliament, yet the Convention, even after the Ferments of that Reign, had a vaſt number of the ſame Men return'd again, when no Force on that ſide cou'd be imagin'd, and as I cannot remember any liv'd in thoſe Times who knew any thing of theſe irregular Elections, I conclude, it is a Scandal of the Doctors, who wou'd repreſent King *James* as an Intruder into the Throne againſt the Inclinations of the People.

He repreſents the Parliament as Scoundrels, becauſe they complimented King *James*, and encourag'd his generous Promiſes with equal Gratitude; but he alter'd his Stile and talk'd of abrogating the Teſt. Did this ſervile Crew of Scoundrels, as the Doctor wou'd have them to be, ever ſtrike into the Court Meaſures, and were they not preſently diſſolv'd? What a Turn of Malice is here in the Doctor's Virulence againſt the Parliament, becauſe they profeſs'd the moſt extenſive Affection for the Crown, and for the Church of *England* at the ſame time, and did not peſter the Court with undutiful Addreſſes

dreſſes and Remonſtrances to ſully the tranſient ſunſhine of his Reign.

I ſhall make one Obſervation on the fatality of this poor King's Conduct in *England*, and how far a good Governour was ſpoil'd.

When his Brother ſent him into *Scotland*, tho' the Doctor cries out upon the Oppreſſions and Miſeries of that Country. He govern'd with ſo much Prudence, that he left an extravagant Affection behind him, not even to this Day extinguiſh'd in that Kingdom, if he had not the Low ſpirited Presbyterians on his ſide: The Flower of their Nobility and Gentry, who had not forgot the Monarchy of that Kingdom, glorious in former Ages, loved him beyond Expreſſion, and therefore he was capable of pleaſing, tho' unfortunate in placing his own Affections, and there was his Ruin.

The firſt Fruits of the Juſtice of this Nation was the Puniſhment of *Oates*. The Doctor leaves it with a ſlight Rub; he is angry a ſecular Court ſhould pretend to take away his Gown. I have reaſon to hold my Tongue upon this Subject, for a Reaſon beſt known to my ſelf. However the Doctor's habit was a little obſcure. I agree bating, that his Puniſhment was too light, if guilty, and too heavy if innocent. But I can by no means grant the Saint *Omer*'s Witneſſes not to be as good as Proteſtants ones: For I will never come into that unreaſonable Clamour againſt

the Papists, that they take Dispensations for Peticery: However I appeal to the World to judge of two Instances, not supported by *Irish* or Saint *Omer*'s Evidences, but taken from his Depositions before the King and Council.

At Sir George *Wakeman*'s Trial, Sir *Phillip Lloyd*, a Protestant, was sworn concerning what *Oates* depos'd in Council. The Lord Chancellour desir'd him to tell if he knew any thing personally of Sir *George*; *Oates* lift up his Hands, and said, *No God forbid I shou'd say any thing against Sir* George Wakeman, *for I know nothing more against him.* This *Oates* impudently denied in Court, and said, *He was not in a Condition to make such an Answer, he wanting sleep, so that he was not* compos mentis. Thus it pass'd off with *Oate*'s impudent and scurrilous Reflections on the King and Council.

Again, his Swearing *Don John* was a tall black Man, and his impudent denying the same are to me full Evidences alone, that his Punishment was too light.

Thus far some small Reparation was done for the most barbarous Injustice that any Age can parallel, allowing to the Oppression and Violence of the Times. To return to the Parliament, the Doctor informs us a Scheme was on foot, v. pag. 638. to make words Treason; and tho' it was flung out, he is not pleas'd: He said, it wou'd have pass'd if *Monmouth*

*mouth* had not diverted 'em another way. This is a ſpiteful Turn of the Doctors, and as ill grounded as it is ſpiteful.

To deliver my own Opinion, as the Puniſhment of Treaſon is very high, the Proof ought to be very plain, as Words are not ſo permanent as Writings, and Writings not ſo plain as Facts; our antient Laws inſiſted upon cruel Acts for very juſt and plauſible Reaſons.

The Doctor, *pag.* 645. has a fling at *Turner* and *Kenn*; who at the Execution of the Duke of *Monmouth*, puſh'd him to a cloſe Repentance of two very publick Sins, *Rebellion* and *Adultery*? He had not Senſe to repent of either, and commended his Whore as a pious, godly Woman, who had converted him into a good Man. The Doctor is angry they talk'd ſo publickly of a publick and notorious Sin: Surely he might diſtinguiſh here, for they were not his ſecret Confeſſours, but the publick Admoniſhers of his Conſcience; and in my Opinion, that is a Duty incumbent upon a Divine by St. *Paul*'s Commiſſion, to rebuke in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon, and to exhort; for publick Scandal juſtifies a publick Reproof, v. *pag.* 645.

*Monmouth* being beaten, the dark Clouds gather'd over King *James*'s Reign. Proſperity is often a great Enemy to Princes: He was of a more ſevere Temper than his Bro-

ther, and being a witneſs of the Clemency waſted away in the preceeding Reign, a wrong notion in politicks, took a Turn in his Head, that Severity was neceſſary for Terrour, he might give Orders, but when thoſe Orders fell into the Hands of a corrupt Miniſtry; they hang'd twenty where the King deſign'd but one, and of this I ſhall give a remarkable Inſtance.

Sir *Thomas Cutler* was a commanding Officer at *Wells*, when a great many Priſoners were ſhut up in the Cloiſters there, in order for a Carnage: Sir *Thomas* out of compaſſion to the poor deluded Creatures, perſwaded the good Biſhop, who eaſily came into thoſe Meaſures to interceed jointly for Mercy towards 'em. The King granted the Requeſt without a groan or any ſigns of Reluctance; and afterwards meeting with Sir *Thomas Cutler* in a Coach in the Streets, he thank'd Sir *Thomas* for his Interceſſion, expreſs'd how agreeable it was to him, and wiſh'd the ſame Humanity had inſtanc'd others to do the like. This Relation a moſt Reverend and Worthy Pen had from Sir *Thomas*'s own Mouth. From hence I conclude, we muſt not too nearly judge of Princes from their Miniſtry to fix perſonal Characters upon 'em from their political Tranſactions.

During theſe Confuſions, the Doctor took a Voyage to *Italy* for two or three Reaſons. One

One is too deep for me here to penetrate, but the most obvious one was the Boots in *Scotland*, or something worse; he had the terrible Examples before his Eyes of his Uncle *Waristown*, who was brought from *Roven* to die in his own Country by the Halter: And to this the Doctor was very averse, tho' he pretends he was perfectly innocent of all Plots. What made him then so damnably afraid? How happen'd it from time to time? He said to those who consulted him, the critical moment for Resistance was not come. They opened their Hearts to him, and put their Lives into his Hands. How came he to be so great with the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, as to have *Barnard Dennis* recommended to his Familiarity by that Lord; as we may see in the Earl's Trial, 1681. All this smelt very strong of Hemp: But, alas! Gratitude, the Doctor was a stranger to; yet by fits and starts he speaks truth: He says, *King* James *was an indulgent Father to the Princess* Anne; but how he comes off afterwards we shall see. I am sure Indulgence is not consistent with some following Stories of a warming-pan, *&c.* for if he cou'd be perswaded to disinherit her for the sake of a chance Child, he was cruel and unjust to his own Flesh and Blood: It is a work of Horrour that no middling Character is capable of contriving.

In

In the mean time, Doctor *Burnet* returning to *Holland*, and was in great Troubles, the Advocate in *Scotland* had Orders to proſecute him, for correſponding with the Lord *Argile*: But his Marriage being much nearer than the Gallows, he found a diſtinction to bid King *James* a Farewel, by cauſing himſelf to be naturaliz'd in *Holland*.

From thence he raiſes (*a*) an admirable Scheme of Politicks, that he had transferr'd all his Allegiance from his natural Prince, and upon that Diſtinction he came over on a *Dutch* Buttom, and cou'd defy the Gallows if he had been taken. If this Hypotheſis will hold, the Diſtinction will ſave any Man from the Gallows; for if Allegiance is voluntary, and may be transferr'd in Biſhop *Burnet*'s manner, he is a Fool who does not ſhun it off at ſuch an Extremity, for that moment you are abſolv'd from your Prince, and while he ſubſiſts as ſuch, you owe no Allegiance to that Country or to its Laws.

But this ingrateful Creature, not content to ſhake off his old Patron and his Prince, he blackens King *James* with a deſign to aſſaſſinate his Perſon, and to give 3000 *l.* for that purpoſe: And this he has the Aſſurance to ſay he had from Prince *George*, and that ſuch an Order was in the Secretaries Office, and

(*a*) *See* pag. 726.

yet

yet it came to the Knowledge only of Prince *George*. This does not tell well, it wou'd have made a fine Story for the States to ground their Pretenſions of a Quarrel upon.

The Criſis of King *James*'s Affairs, was now coming on, while the poor Prince was wheedleing and tempting the profligate to turn Converts, he crouded about his Perſon, a Sett of Confidents, whoſe Honour hung as looſe about 'em as their Religion, and by theſe means he was ſure to be Ill ſerv'd. But the King following a mechanical Religion, was as mechanically Obey'd, as he found to his Coſt.

Of theſe mechanical Gentlemen, the Earl of *Sunderland* was the Chief; he had a perfect Command of the muſcles of his Face, and cou'd put on a devout look of any ſort whatſoever, to pleaſe his Maſter; our Doctor ſays, he was a great favourite of the Queen's, tho' I have heard a ſtory ſome years ſince from a worthy Clergyman, who heard the Queen ſpeak theſe following Words.

As for Father *Peter*'s being brought into the Council, I was half an hour upon my Knees with the King in tears, to deſire him not to do it, but *Sunderland* got it over my Belly: It ſeems the laſt is an *Italian* Phraſe, when one gets the Aſcendant over another in any point.

This Story is better attested, than most of the Doctor's I set down, to give Light to a charitable Construction of that Lady's Character, because I'd be always tender to the Fair, and not lead them on unmercifully, as the Doctor, with his Ill Manners too frequently is guilty of.

The mechanical Gentleman, on the other side of the Question, if we may believe the Doctor, was the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, as that Gentleman being so lately dead I shall say nothing of him; but the Doctor's sparkling Character of this Lord, dazles my Eyes, he tells us he was bred a *Papist*, but upon a very critical and anxious Enquiry, he turn'd *Atheist*: This is a bright transition, O Doctor! thy Friends pass thro' ill hands, as well as thy Enemies. *v. p.* 102.

To return to the close of a gloomy Reign, the Doctor does King *James* a great deal of Justice, in two points; in one Page is the greatest Consequence of all, *viz.* That after one attempt, he gave over all designs of modelling the *English* army. 2*dly*. That he refus'd the offers of Succours from the *French* King: I know some Words were put into the Lord *Landsdown*'s Mouth, to speak upon that Occasion, but the King had Eyes, Ears and Understanding as well as they, and if he had been prepossess'd with a resolution to bring in *Popery* by a *French* Power, why did he refuse in Extremity,

*French*

*French* Troops from abroad vaniſh'd: It remains, that the Eccleſiaſtical Supremacy was the moſt dangerous weapon in his Hands; that in time would have done more miſchief than all the reſt, *For contemptible and mercenary Clergymen, are often the Powers that can moſt effectually hurt the Church of* England.

After the King had awak'd the Church of *England* (with theſe dreadful apprehenſions) the Clergy ſhook the People, with fears and jealouſies, I will not pretend to ſay ill grounded, I have mention'd already from whence they flow'd, and juſt about the Birth of the Prince of *Wales*, the Breach open'd wider upon ſending ſeven Biſhops to the *Tower*, at once. As to the birth of the Prince, I have little, abſolutely to ſay here, only to give a tranſient view of the Doctor's fidelity and gratitude.

That he cou'd not contrive a worſe ſtory of King *James* is very evident, nor with much more awkward Circumſtances; the Queen (he ſays) wou'd go the night before, from *Whitehall* thro' the *Pall-Mall* to *St. James's*, tho' the ſhorter and quicker was thro' the *Park*.

As to this, I am aſſur'd by one of her Servants who went with her, that ſhe did go thro' the *Park*, and he dare make an Affidavit thereof, that the Earl of *Godolphin* went by her ſide in a Sedan; ſo here's one confi-

dent falſhood in the face of the World. *v. p.* 751. I wiſh I could call it the only One.

2*dly*. The Warming-pan is no feaſible project, unleſs you break the back of the Child to put it in; moreover, as this is ſuppoſed to be a tender Infant, juſt reeking and wet from its Mothers Womb, in that tender State, it wou'd either have cried out in the paſſage, or have been ſtiff and dead, and in the variety of motions of toſſing it up and down, it wou'd have been a perfect Jelley; the Warming-pan Story is therefore very ridiculous Sketch, that even old Women deride, whoſe ſphere it is to judge thereof.

Of the reſt I cannot ſay a great deal, I refer the Reader to the Depoſitions: I am more affraid of Publick diſpleaſure, than of the Doctor's Honour in this Caſe.

This Birth was not long over, but a Tempeſt came, and ſwept away all at once, and ſet the Doctor upon the dry ſhoar, to prune his Wings, and bask in the heat of the Sun, and warmth of the Place, without any fear of Boots or of a worſe Fate, but ſtill the Doctor cannot forget his old Ways. He tells us at *Reading*, an Officer of the Prince of *Orange* was kill'd, who was a *Papiſt*; the Prince in conſideration of his Religion, wou'd have left him in *Holland*, but he begg'd to come: From hence the Reader might conclude, that he was the only *Papiſt* in the Princes Army; yet he acquaints us

*p.* 801.

*p.* 801. That the *Dutch* Guards who were order'd to attend K. *James* were moſt of them *Papiſts*, and aſſiſted very reverently at *Maſs*, and ſaid their Souls were God's, but their Swords were the Prince of *Orange's*: Why did he not leave all them behind, if the firſt relation is true.

Now, the Doctor may make the beſt of his own Story: King *James* goes down to *Feverſham*, the Inſults and Barbarities he met with from the Mob are omitted, as no neceſſary parts of the Doctor's Hiſtory, nor the reception of the two Gentlemen, who brought an account the King was there ſafe by their means: What he underſtood as a Compliment, they underſtood as a Rebuke for their ſawcy familiarity, in pretending to ſecure the Lord's anointed from Violence.

It was a mercy the poor Prince eſcap'd from hurt, and the Nation from another charge of *Royal Blood* upon 'em, for the Mob were outragious, and the impreſſion thereof might haſten his departure afterwards.

The Doctor cenſures *Sancroft's* Conduct, while he blames his own, for that Prelate had more provocation for the Blood and Spirits than ever *Burnet* had.

I ſhall not enter upon the merits of the Debates at the Convention, but only obſerve the falſhood of ſome Facts in Hiſtory, alledg'd by the Doctor, *viz.* *William* the Conqueror, promis'd to keep *Edward* the

Confeſſor's Laws, it was the original Contract between him and the People, and *Edward* II. King *Richard* IId, were Depos'd for breaking thoſe Laws.

No Perſon meanly vers'd in our *Engliſh* Hiſtory, but knows that *William* entirely aboliſh'd thoſe Laws for ever; that thoſe Laws cou'd not be broke by *Edward* and *Richard*, becauſe they were in no Force, nor was the Breach of thoſe Laws ever objected to them. 'Tis equally falſe, to ſay, that the Depoſition of thoſe Princes, was never diſown'd, when we have ſtanding Records, that expreſs all manner of deteſtation of King *Richard*'s Depoſition and Murther, which brand *Henry* IVth. as a Uſurper.

To conclude, tho' I have not pointed out all Doctor *Burnet*'s errours, and groſs prevarications, I have at leaſt pointed out enough to blaſt him for ever, in all reſpects, as unworthy of immortal Memory as an Hiſtorian, a Man of Honour, Conſcience and Gratitude.

The Doctor in this performance, has ſhewn all the frailty's and infirmities of Human Nature, the ſecret ſprings of thoſe Paſſions, by which Stateſmen are mov'd, to hate and revenge, from what little Cauſes they riſe bubbling up, till they unite their ſtreams, and become at laſt a mighty Torrent, and overturn Kingdoms with their force.

But of all Men that ever wrote Memoirs of themſelves, Dr. *Burnet* has laid himſelf moſt

open; what a vaſt magazine of Pride and Vanity do we diſcover, and how deep does his Malice reach; a Mine in *Peru*, is not more rich in Oar, than his Mind in Scandal; an Offence againſt him, runs back, and taints the Blood that has gone before, even to the Great Grandfather.

Let my earneſt Prayers to Heaven be, that when I am Dead, my Memory may lie unſtir'd, rather than be prais'd by ſuch Men, may gentle Oblivion, cover it from ſuch reproach, whatever elſe may be my Fate.

That a Man can have, as in the Preface, the aſſurance to Dedicate this Book to the God of his Life, is making his Folio one big Oath, conſiſting of a Complication of Perjuries.

*FINIS.*

*ERRATA.*

PAGE 98. *l.* 2. for Peticery r Perjury, p. 99. *l.* 9. for cruel r overt, p. 100. *l.* 25. for Pen r. Perſon, p. 104. *l.* 27. for *Landſdown's* r. *Sunderland.*